

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA St.
LONDON, E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF
THE SALVATION ARMY

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



Thanks for Harvest

We praise Thee, Lord, with heart
and voice,
While with firstfruits we come;
We bring thank-offerings and
rejoice,
Shouting the harvest home.

For crops made ripe by golden fire,
For all Thy power has done,
We'll lift Thy praises higher and
higher,
Shouting the harvest home.

Salvation fields already whits,
And souls are all Thine own;
To reap earth's millions we'll unite,
Shouting the harvest home.

Seed sown with tears Thy life
receives,
Making Thy goodness known;
Reapers return with golden sheaves,
Shouting the harvest home.

HARVEST FESTIVAL NUMBER

A THANK-OFFERING TO THE LORD

(See "The Lord of the Harvest,"
Page 2)

ALL TO THEE WE OWE

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ,
All to Thee our God we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the plenty Summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Fellow sleeves of ripened grain,
Lord for our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

As Thy prospecting hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove.
Singing thus, through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

GOLD DUST

Swept up by COLONEL ADEBY

Rest not in being one of Christ's friends. Aim at being His bosom friend.

He is a faithful friend indeed who will hazard our friendship to save our soul from sin and destruction.

Surly the friendship of the world is dearly purchased by an act of enmity against God.

True bosom friends will seek to mortify sin and increase grace in each other.

Love to friends is manifested by words, yet more by acts; and most of all by prayer for them.

"What will my friends say or think of me?" tips many a good inclination in the bad.

Jesus is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

No companion deserve; your confidence who makes light of your soul. Consider him an enemy who contrives to damage your soul.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it, but he who does one should never remember it.



"NOBODY'S BABY"

C. Romaninik arrived in Canada about two years ago; his name indicates that he came from one of the Central European countries. A few months since he had the misfortune to meet with a serious accident in a mine and ever since has been dependent on charity, being passed from hand to hand, from organization to organization, by some of the provincial and municipal authorities in the province.

The poor fellow has been the subject of more polite correspondence and court wrangles than one would care to say. And while this wrangling goes along poor Romaninik hobbles around as best he can and starves as often as he must.

THE LORD OF THE HARVEST

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein."—Psalm 24:1.

HARVEST FESTIVALS are not a new institution. We have record in the Bible that the original proclamation was made by God Himself, just after the emancipation of a nation of slaves from bondage, when they were enjoying their liberty in the Wilderness.

We read in Exodus 23:16-19: "Thou shalt keep the feast of Harvest, the first-fruits of thy labors which thou hast sown in the field, and the feast of the Ingathering, which is in the end of the year. When thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field, the first of the first-fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the House of the Lord thy God."

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, especially in some practical way as in bringing our gifts to the Altar. The great law of giving unto God never fails; we always receive good measure as He has promised.

Harvest time reminds us of the goodness and kindness of God. It also verifies the promise of God given to Noah after the flood. "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and Summer and Winter, and day and night shall not cease" (Genesis 8:22).

The poet Browning gave expression in words of a thought that brings strength and comfort to all those who put their trust in the Lord: "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

The earth is the Lord's by creative right. It seems so evident everywhere we look that all things have been created by a wise and infinite Being. Everywhere there are evidences of His control, and the deeper science and research explore, the more evidence we have of great laws that govern all things. Thus proving there must be a Lawgiver—a Divine All-powerful Being.

"The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" (Psalm 14:1) The words are just as true to-day as when the Psalmist wrote them, many centuries ago. To the understanding heart on every hand there is abundant evidence not only that there is a Supreme Being, but also there is

proof of His loving care. We know "He is the Maker

"Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him.
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread."

The earth is God's—evergreen and shrub—the gold and silver—the cattle upon a thousand hills, and also the people who dwell therein. What we possess is entrusted only to our care through life's brief day, then it passes to the keeping of others. A full realization of responsibility to God is most important in individual

So let all men praise the God of the harvest. Our small gifts tokens of a grateful heart, and the acknowledgment of our responsibility towards Him. So, with the Psalmist we say, "Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our pasture, and the sheep of His hand" (Psalm 95:6, 7).

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, Sept. 23rd—Job 29:1-13. "Oh, that I were as in the days when God preserved me! Job's days were now dark and dreary, full of sorrow, suffering, and perplexing problems, yet they were not prayerless days. Job had fast to his faith and integrity, so that his longing after past blessings was tinged with the bitter remorse of a

Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Galatians 6:7

life, and also in community life. That lesson seemed to have been continually before the Israelites. All their worship tended to teach them this. So that when they gathered the first-fruits of the harvest they brought their offering to the Lord, and later when all was gathered in, they came to acknowledge God's bounteous care (Exodus 23:16).

In these modern days of prosperity we must not forget how dependent upon God we continually are. A right understanding of this helps to steady life. Our thoughts of God are subject to the limitations of our human nature. He is greater than any of our imaginations. Yet the wonder of it all is He tells us plainly in His Word, "Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear Him" (Psalm 103:13). We know how a true father finds real joy in providing for his children. In like manner our Heavenly Father sends the sunshine and the rain. He gives also to man the wisdom to cultivate the land.

backslider's memories.

Monday, Sept. 24th—Job 29:14-25.

"I . . . sat chief, and draf't a king in the army."—When Job was rich and prosperous every one thought he was the favorite of Heaven. When ill-health and poverty came, men began to whisper the some fault of his own must have caused this sudden change. In Chapter 42 we see how mistaken was this idea.

Tuesday, Sept. 25th—Job 32:1-10.

"And Elihu . . . answered." Elihu was much younger than Job's three friends. He had modestly listened in silence to their speech, but feeling that they had misrepresented God, and not answered Job, he felt he must speak. While Elihu was by no means perfect, his account of God is noble and true, and at the last the Lord does not class him with the other three (Ch. 42).

Wednesday, Sept. 26th—Job 32:12-22.

"The Spirit within me constraineth me."—When any one like Elihu speaks out of an honest, full heart, his words bring light and help. He had the fresh standpoint of a young man, and what he lacked in experience he made up for in enthusiasm. The world owes much to the energy and vitality of the young. These are never more beautiful than when consecrated to God.

Thursday, Sept. 27th—Job 33:1-10.

"He counteth me for his enemy." Job's friends made the mistake of thinking he was being punished for his sins. Here Job makes the mistake of charging God with feelings of enmity against him. How wonderfully God revealed Himself in the end as Job's Preserver and Friend who allowed him to undergo trial not only to reveal and strengthen his own faith, but to make him and his strange experience, a means of blessing and inspiration to multitudes.

Friday, Sept. 28th—Job 33:11-24.

"God speaketh once, ye twice; ye man perceiveth it not." God has many ways of speaking to us. He reveals Himself in nature, in providence, in history, in His Book and often in a "still, small voice" in our hearts.

Saturday, Sept. 29th—Job 33:25-33.

"If any say, I have sinned, he will deliver his soul."—God never changes. Right through the ages His ear has always been open to the penitent's cry. He not only forgives but He delivers from the power of sin and keeps by His grace the soul who trusts Him.

THE NEWS-BOY KNEW

A news-boy plying his business on a busy city corner, and espying a half-drunk woman wandering among the traffic, hurried to her side

and offered a helping hand. She was not clear as to whereabouters or her destination, and in the kindness of his heart the lad felt that she should not be left alone.

But what could a news-boy do? Looking up, he saw across the street, "Salvation Army." It was our Headquarters in Sydney. The little fellow does not know much about The Army, but he felt sure his charge would find friends in the big building across the way.

"Come with me," he said, taking the poor woman's hand, "I know someone who will help you." Soon he was knocking at the office of the Chief Secretary, where he handed over his hapless charge, and with that Officer's "God bless you," he bounded off again to his news vending.

In a few minutes the poor woman was in the care of one of our Officers at the Women's Hostel, who, in addition to providing her with shelter, sought to lead her to Christ, her Saviour and Friend.—Sydney "War Cry."



HERE seems to be some uncertainty regarding the history of the jungle island at the junction of the Belawan and Deli rivers, within a mile or so of the sea, on the east coast of Sumatra. Its name has been said to mean "The Island of Death," and a more sinister and appropriate designation could scarcely have been conceived in view of the island's present population.

Less imaginative and possibly better informed persons, however, translate "Poeloe si Tjanang" as "A place like a gong," and gong-shaped the island certainly is.

Primeval Jungle

According to some, the island, previously to its present usage, has never had a more important part to play in the life of man than that of a fishing site, and there are evidences that a "ladang," a construction upon which the native people live during the flood season, has at one time existed on the river side of the island.

Another story states that a brick-making industry was commenced on the island, but that fever snote the workers and the survivors fled from the place. The discovery of a ruined brick kiln with remnants of bricks and human bones in the debris suggests that this story is possibly true. Yet another opinion describes the island as a kind of jungle refuge for diseased natives.

Such a mosquito-ridden stretch of swamp as Poeloe si Tjanang must have been but a few years ago could scarcely be expected to have any history but that common story of primeval jungle, where fierce life has struggled for untold aeons and achieved little more than the culling of the monkey and wild pig, the power of loathsome alligators, the color of darting birds, the poison of ferociously persistent winged insects, and the speed of hooded armandilloes.

At high tide Poeloe si Tjanang is an expanse of jungle, intersected by tortuous narrow creeks whose brown waters would bear a small boat into many dim, leafy bowers, and at low tide, when the creeks are slimy, murmuring channels alive with innumerable forms of insect and reptile life, a large part of the silent tangle of vivid green brushwood and creeper is safe from any human invasion.

A Romantic History

During the past few years, however, the name of this insignificant patch of tropically situated mud has been heard in almost every land, for upon Poeloe si Tjanang there is a Leper Colony whose history is as romantic as any of the missionary ventures put forward in the Dutch East Indies.

A narrow built-up road and tramway runs between the swamps to the heart of the island. The visitor sitting on the tram behind a horse of so vast experience that it takes note of and remembers exactly where the road is crumbling and where the primitive, clanging contraption behind him must be hauled to port or coaxed to starboard, finds himself rumbling along between two walls of low, jungly vegetation. He hears the

quick "flop-flop" of startled creakers as they dive to safety, sees a vision of winged gold or crimson as a bird flashes from tree to tree and, if he has on that long ride surrendered himself to the spell of his exotic environment, is suddenly startled to find the "tram" lurching round a corner into sight of a trim hedge, white houses, brilliant greenward, a pumping station, and a steeped church. It is like walking across Clapham Common and finding oneself gazing at the Taj Mahal.

Some parts of Poeloe si Tjanang, it is said, have yet to be explored, but here is an entire community of people whose history has many dramatic and heroic elements, besides being in every way deeply tragic. That trim hedge is for many an impassable wall. This is a colony of lepers, and here is a glimpse of the Colony's history, heard one New Year's eve from the lips of Major Scheffer, until recently the Officer in charge

provide a place of refuge for the certified lepers. They were sent by the police to Poeloe si Tjanang, and kept there under penalty of punishment if they broke bounds.

A colony of lepers constituted in this fashion could hardly be successful, even although the majority of the Colonists are patient and ingenuous Chinese in a land where the necessities of life are few.

The Salvation Army was at length asked if they could repeat at Poeloe si Tjanang the success made with a Lepre Colony in Java. Certain Officers had already been deeply concerned over the plight of the uprooted contract laborers in Sumatra, and arrangements were made for the island to come under Army administration.

Then began a long and painful battle with misapprehension. Of discipline there had been none. The police were hated as the cause of all the distress, for the lepers could not understand why they should be un-

der pressure from the local authorities. The Army at last consented to the provision of armed police to maintain order. Soon afterwards, Major and Mrs. Scheffer arrived to find the Officers thin and distraught and their nerves almost wrecked. By day they struggled to control the sulken patients, and by night they were haunted with dreams of the suicides which now and again added to the horrors of that leprosy island. On the estate a Chinese headman stands between the laborers and the European employers, and this system had been imported into the Lep. Col. Government.

"I went into the Army Hall," said the Major, "and the Malay policemen stood by the door. If I went to the people's houses, the police were there to protect them."

Wall of Hostility

"Because of the headman I had no direct contact with the people, and could at first find no way of breaking down the wall of hostility which had withstood so long the attacks of love and service made by other Officers."

The Major, who is a Dutch Officer, and his wife, who is of English birth, did not allow their feelings to paralyse their efforts, and the story of the winning of the Poeloe si Tjanang Colonists is one of The Army's choicest illustrations of the power of consecrated common-sense.

Down at a corner high up began with the abolition of the armed police and with a wall which the Major took through part of the island jungle. He came across a white ant hill and noticed its terrible appearance. Closer examination proved that the ants had built in clay. The Major's mind went back to his service in another Army Lepre Colony, where the headman, a brick-maker, had sought permission to use his knowledge for the road of the Colonists and had inadvertently taught the Major his art. He also remembered usually the indescribably slippery, slimy bogginess of the Colony "roads." Could not Poeloe si Tjanang make its own bricks? A sample of the clay was sent to the experts, who declared it fit for the purpose described, and very soon the Major was calling for workmen to make bricks.

"Will you pay us?" asked the Colonists.

Gleams of Understanding

"Of course!" said the Major. The Chinese have work and with this provision of employment for the lepers there crept in the first appreciation of the fact that The Army Officers on the Colony were not police but officials who cared for the people.

During a European furlough taken by Major Scheffer the brick-making was continued by a relieving Officer, and on his return to the Colony he resumed his efforts at establishing confidence.

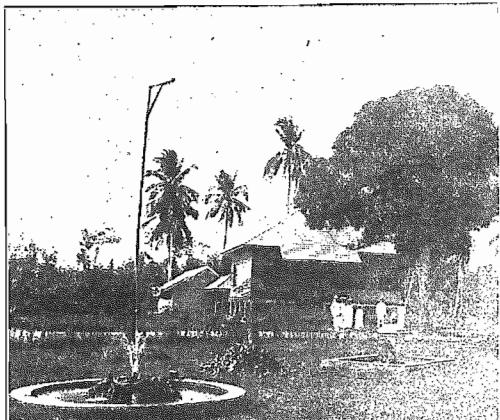
Various developments took place. Timbers were employed at their own work. Housing was improved. Nevertheless, the continual desertions from the Colony visited the administrative Officer. He noticed that the same men deserted time after time. The deserters were almost invariably brought back by the police. Why could they run away again and again?

The answer was wrung from a deserter on the threat of his being kept in prison until he confessed why he ran away for the tenth time.

"I tell you well. You have food and clothing and a house, and when you run away you are captured and punished every time," said the Major. "Why do you run away?"

"To escape from my gambling debts," confessed the man. His words proved to be a key to the whole situation. The people were hopelessly involved in gambling, so to them, heavy stakes. Major Scheffer forthwith announced that all money was

(Continued on page 7)



A Pleasant Corner of an Army Leper Settlement in the Dutch East Indies

of the Colony, as we sat on his veranda overlooking the pleasant green lawns of the Colony, and watched the red-jacketed Colonists moving through the palm trees toward The Army Hall with its wooden, Colony-designed and built spire.

Some years ago the Chinese Mayor in these parts (an official responsible for the welfare of the Chinese residents) endeavored to make some provision for his countrymen who were found to be stricken with leprosy. The rubber and other vast estates that lie thickly around the east end of Sumatra are almost wholly operated by Chinese laborers imported on contract for terms of years, with some Malays and Indian laborers from British India and Ceylon.

These estates make medical provision for their employees. At the time under review, the discovery of leprosy in a patient raised a difficult problem, for he could neither be retained on the estate nor shipped back to China, nor yet turned adrift without means of sustenance.

The responsible authorities secured possession of Poeloe si Tjanang, and a law was passed stating that all lepers must place themselves in the hands of the police at Medan. The original scheme did little more than

prisoned on account of sickness for which they were not responsible. The Colony was, in fact, a prison without any internal discipline, and when Army Officers appeared, to live on the Colony and make certain demands upon the people, they were very naturally regarded as the police agents and forthwith thoroughly hated.

"The people would come to dinner in both clothes," exclaimed the Major, as he related the story, "and the Officers would stand as white as death, declaiming: 'No clothes, no food!'"

In a sentence he thus summed up the situation. On the one hand we have hungry, suspicious Chinese in enforced residence and laboring under a sense of mortal injury, and on the other Salvationists enrobed under a Banner of Love, desperately endeavoring to secure some order in the chaotic society given into their care.

Events hindered rather than helped in the struggle. Two prisoners, for instance, serving for a real offence and discovered to be lepers, were sent to the island to finish their term.

"Aha!" said the unfortunate Colonists, whose only offence was leprosy. "Why tell us we are not in prison while you send prisoners here?"

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. HENRY

At Yorkville — Fifteen Seekers

OFFICERS, Soldiers and friends alike were delighted to receive a surprise visit from Colonel and Mrs. Henry on Sunday night, September 9th. Major Ritchie, the Divisional Commander, lined out the first song, which was heartily sung. Prayer by Adjutant Robinson was followed by another favorite song, led by the Chief Secretary.

Mrs. Colonel Henry then read a portion of Scripture making some telling comments.

Mrs. Major Ritchie led the congregation in some splendid choruses singing, and testimonies were given by Ensign Saunders and Sister Ellen Carey.

A vocal duet by Major and Mrs. Ritchie, and then the Colonel launched into his address.

From the very beginning he gripped the attention of everyone present, which deepened as he proceeded.

In emphasizing one point the Colonel observed: "You make nineteen things right with God, but fail in the twentieth, and it is the twentieth that counts!"

Conviction was plainly evident, and as soon as the invitation was given, seekers began to make their way to the penitent-form. A real old fashioned Army Prayer meeting, lasting an hour and a half, resulted in fifteen seekers. Among the number was a man in his shirt sleeves brought in from the sidewalk by a Bandsman. It was a wonderful meeting. Officers and Locals, Scouts and Guards, all united in seeking the blessing of God, and we were not disappointed. Hallelujah! — G. Davies, Commandant.

ARMY'S BLIND SCHOOL Opened in Kingston, Jamaica

The Army's School for the Blind in Kingston, Jamaica, has been opened and much appreciation. Acting-Governor A. S. Jeff, C.M.C., presided at the opening ceremony, at which most of the prominent people of Kingston were present. At a meeting held in the Ward Theatre, in connection with the opening ceremony, the Acting-Governor, who was supported by nearly eighty leading citizens, spoke in warmest terms of this latest effort to serve the people.

This undertaking has made a deep impression, as no other organization has so far attempted such work.

Continual Comrades in the Fight

Captains John Dougall and Christina Murray United for Service

ARMY WEDDING IN THE FLOWER CITY

THE ST. THOMAS CITADEL was crowded to the doors, with an audience of three hundred and fifty comrades and friends assembled for the wedding of Captain John Dougall, of Preston, and Captain Christina Murray, formerly of Ottawa. Both comrades were former Soldiers of the St. Thomas Corps. Lieutenant G. Murray supported her sister, while Bandsman Archie Murray, brother of the bride, was "best man."

Entering the Citadel to the strains of the Wedding March, the bridal party took their places under the Army Colors. The Hall was beautifully decorated with flowers. Commandant Hurd, of Hamilton, and Mrs. Commandant Laws, of the United States, invoked God's blessing upon the happy couple.

During the service, which was conducted by Lt.-Colonel McAnamond, Adjutant Robinson, the Corps Officer, read telegrams of congratulation from the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell and Captain Maxwell, the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, and numerous Officers and friends in the

PHIL MASTERS' THREE R'S

Radio—Retrospection—Regeneration

RADIO? Oh, yes, Phil Masters, late of the Windy City, now one of the supersalesmen of the O. K. Radio Corporation, working in the Philadelphia territory, knew everything about it! Had he not for the past three years thought radio, talked radio, nay, even dreamed radio?

Radio was the reason why he sat moodily consuming a Chinese table d'hôte dinner in the "Pekin," one of the six or seven gaudy oriental restaurants, whose freakish electric signs help to create the atmosphere of Philadelphia's one block of Chinatown. If Masters hadn't had two prospects lined up for Sunday, whom he felt dead certain of landing, he never would have remained in hot, stuffy Philadelphia, but would have been down at Atlantic City with two of his few Philadelphia friends, but Masters was one of the go-getters who put business before pleasure.

Voices

Leisurely disposing of the almond chicken chow-mein with his thoughts far away in Chicago, wondering just what his old cronies were doing, wondering whether his dear mother and sister were sitting on the porch of their little Summer cottage at Waukegan, his attention was suddenly arrested by:

"There's nothing left for me.
Of days that used to be;
I live in memory.

Among my souvenirs."

Radio. Couldn't he ever get away from it? and what a radio! Which was the worst the static or the nasal tenor, Phil just couldn't make up his mind; but for once he admitted the merits of static as an eliminator.

Phil once more turned back to his chow-mein and Chicago retrospection. What a fool he had been to take this territory where he had so few friends to really pal with! How vastly different it was back with the old crowd he had grown up with, the partner dances at Sherman's College Inn, or Chez Pierre, the Saturday night pinochle club, the canoe trips up at Lake Geneva, that was the life! Why had he ever left it?

This undertaking has made a deep impression, as no other organization has so far attempted such work.

The singing had stopped, and a man was invoking God's blessing on all within hearing distance of their voices. Masters bowed his head. That included him.

"Could God bless him, who never even took time to go to church?"

"If there are lonely hearts to-night, O Father, may they realize that Thou art an unfailing Friend, who never leaves us lonely," continued the exhorter.

Masters' lips quivered and he quickly stepped back into the restaurant to control his emotions.

Feverishly drinking his tea Masters caught a clear ringing testimony of the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ, and then a soft, sweet and wondrously heart-stirring voice rang out on the breeze,

"Where is my wandering boy to night,

The boy of my tenderest care?"

Masters closed his eyes, and he fancied he could hear his dear sister singing that same song in their little living room on Sunday afternoons, when they both had come home from Sunday-School. Oh, those golden days when his dear mother, running her slim fingers through his mop of curly hair, and kissing his brow would say, "My boy will never wander, will he?" How confidently then he replied, "No, mother dear, never!" But he had, and so far.

Could he ever forget the agony in those dear eyes, when, at seventeen, he had come home from his first night party as a young freshman in Northwestern, pale and much the worse for wear. How his dear mother met him with no reproach, but only infinite sorrow, when she said, "Phil, dear, it's nearly 4 o'clock, and my, you've been smoking!" How dark

After the ceremony, a banquet was served in the Young People's Hall. During the banquet, Lieutenant Newman, the groom's former assistant spoke on behalf of the Preston Corps. It is interesting to note that four of the relatives present were Army Officers.

Again the radio sobbed forth, this time a somewhat hoarse baritone, "Even though you're only make believe,

Laugh, clown, laugh!"

What an unpardonable travesty on Pagliacci! Sounds more as if he is choking on a fish bone than laughter.

Again the chow-mein claimed his undivided attention. He poured himself a cup of tea and thought, perhaps, at this time his dainty little mother and sister might be sipping iced tea on their cool little cottage porch. Masters pulled himself up with a start as he heard a clear, sweet voice lining out the following,

"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." — Galatians 6:8.

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was her Gethsemane he would never know, but ever since he had never met the sweet purity in her eyes! Could he ever forget her coming up to his room, hoping, fearing, praying that it was only tobacco smoke that she smelled? Could he ever forget her prayers and entreaties to give up his worldly companions? Could he ever forget their solemn covenant by his bedside, when they both wept and he sealed the promise with a kiss? But soon, all too soon, he forgot that sacred vow.

Years had passed—years of dis-appointment to his dear mother as she saw him get away from the old standards—and yet he still remained his clean-cut respectable self. For "blood always tells," and somehow since his first Waterloo he never went to excess in anything. But Mammon and Pleasure were his gods, and he had long since relegated the God of his youth to something essential for childhood and extreme

old age.

With a start Masters once more realized his surroundings. The sweet-voiced singer was still singing, "Oh, where is my boy to-night? Oh, where is my boy to-night? My heart overflows, for I love him he knows,

Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

Masters wiped away the tears that came to his eyes. What had he out of life anyway? True, he lived at the best hotels; could take in the best shows, but how tiresome, how empty all that was! Tramping about from city to city, no permanent contacts, living for almost six or seven months a year from a steamer trunk. What a life!

"Joy, joy, wonderful joy, Peace I have found that naught can destroy,

Love, love so boundless and free, All this (and more) my Lord gives to me,"

sang the comrades in the ring. Masters glanced appraisingly at their shining faces. Yes, they looked happy and peaceful enough. "Why can't I, too, have this lasting joy and happiness that the Lord will freely give to me? I will have it! I'll go down this moment to The Salvation Army and tell them so!"

Masters leaped back to get his hat and topcoat; hurriedly paid his check and dashed down the stairs just as the Adjutant was closing in prayer. Immediately going over to speak to the Commandant in charge, he gave his card and told her he had made up his mind right then and there to give his heart to the Lord.

A Glowing Testimony

What a splendid figure he presented, standing there, five feet eleven inches of immaculately groomed manhood, hat in hand, eyes shining with a new gleam as he bowed his head while she prayed with him! How his face shone as he said he would that night write and tell his mother he had come back again to God, and would henceforth love and serve Him in the beauty of Holiness!

His glowing testimony in the old Philadelphia 11 Hall, which has been the spiritual birthplace of many rich trophies of grace, amply repaid the faithful comrades for standing out that hot June night on the dark little corner of Tenth and Bay Streets, telling out the old, yet enthralling, Story of a loving Redeemer.

Thus on a hot Saturday night, the balcony of the Pekin, was the scene of Masters' spiritual rebirth, when he received a potent lesson in his three R's—radio, retrospection and Regeneration.

—Captain M. C. Murzay,
in the New York "War Cry."



Captain and Mrs. Dougall, of Preston

Territory. The Band and Songsters assisted with the music, while brief addresses were given by the bride's parents and members of the bridal party.

After the ceremony, a banquet was served in the Young People's Hall. During the banquet, Lieutenant Newman, the groom's former assistant spoke on behalf of the Preston Corps.

It is interesting to note that four of the relatives present were Army Officers.

Army Activities in Other Lands

A Review of Our World Wide Operations

IT SEEMS but yesterday that, in the Central Hall, London, with the General presiding, comrades wished God-speed to Colonel and Mrs. Souter and the pioneer Contingent of Officers who were setting out to unfurl The Army's Flag in

WEST AFRICA
Nigeria. We are all more or less familiar with the difficulties that confronted our comrades during the early days of their work. We now remember the barriers to progress which they have met, only to recall that they have, through faith in God and the strength He has given, and their own dauntless spirit, overcome these obstacles victoriously.

The Divine seal has rested upon their united efforts, and hundreds of West Africans have been won for Christ and made into fighting Salvationists, not only in Nigeria, but in the Gold Coast and even farther afield.

It is interesting now to note that the Cadets of the Warrior Session were recently commissioned in Lagos by Colonel Souter, the Territorial Commander. The following is an abbreviation of the account given by an eye-witness:

"After many days of eager anticipation, the great night arrived at last. After a rousing song, Staff-Captain Robertson, in a heart-felt prayer, led us all to the Throne of Grace. The Cadets of Group No. 1 were commissioned for new openings, and those of Group No. 2 for other appointments. Then, in their turn, the Gold Coast Cadets were appointed. The members of the congregation were quite excited and entered most heartily into every phase of the meeting. The Cadets themselves will not soon forget the stirring words of their Territorial Leader, in which he thanked the Principal and the Staff of the Training Garrison, and indeed, all those who assisted in the work of training. Surely his solemn charge to them as newly-commissioned Officers will ever ring in the chambers of their memory."

WE ARE here afforded a clear idea of work being carried on at a Bush Corps among the mountains, where an energetic soul-saving work is in progress in a scattered community.

AUSTRALIA SOUTH The Officers, who were out visiting their widely-scattered "parishioners," having left their last place of call, pressed on for a few miles until they came to the remnant of an aboriginal settlement, which eighteen months ago was disbanded, the natives being transferred to a big aboriginal encampment at Lake Tyers. Of these folk living on the river bank the Officers heard, and forthwith went to visit them.

They were not entire strangers to the Army, for two years ago an Officer stationed at Healesville visited the station periodically and conducted meetings with the natives. One of them, a woman of eighty years, suggested to the Officer that meetings should be held there again.

The following Sunday night it was announced that the Captain would go down the river among the people settled there, and hold a meeting. The comrades from the two-mile point were to inform them and do their best to gather a congregation.

NOW, on any Sunday afternoon, whilst the Lieutenant attends to the children at the Young People's Corps, the Captain can be seen standing beneath a gum tree, on the banks of the Yarra, surrounded by about twenty adults and a crowd of children. The sound of singing fills the air, accompanied by music from the Captain's flutina. Three boys playing on gum-leaves, and harmonizing well with the other music, form an unusual orchestra.

A number of these people have been attracted to the Senior meetings at The Army Hall, and some are present each Sunday night. Several of the women have been converted and two enrolled as Soldiers. Some weeks ago a special meeting took place in the open country, when the Divisional

of Lt.-Colonel Steven, one of the Soldiers noticed a man at the Open-air meeting who was evidently greatly impressed. As soon as the service terminated, he went after the man, and succeeded in escorting him to a second Open-air gathering held shortly after in another locality. There the Soldier did his best to persuade the man to get converted on the spot, but without avail.

But the Salvationist did not give in. He enlisted the aid of other comrades, and the man was invited to the Hall, with the result that the indoor meeting began that night with a broken-hearted penitent at the mercy-seat. The man had been separated from his family because of his drinking habits, and recently so saddened had he become by the loss of his

This comrade is to-day one of our most joyous fighters.

"Another evidence of the widespread character of the work is the case of a man who fifteen years ago had spent some nights in a Shelter in Germany, and there had heard the glad news of Salvation. In the intervening years he had tried to forget the God of God, until the news reached him that The Army had opened in Vienna. Now an official in one of the smaller towns of Austria, he came to the capital and looked up the Salvationists. God's Spirit took hold of him and he surrendered.

"Down in the whole street as a terrible drunkard, a woman was advised to go to The Army, and after a terrible battle she found freedom from her bondage. Our Color-Sergeant was once a great mocker of all Holiness or Divine. The first time he saw one of our Open-air meetings he ran away for fear he might be tempted to disturb us and be arrested by the police. But curiosity drove him back to the Hall, where conviction took hold of him and he was definitely converted."



An Army Day School in session, Gold Coast, West Africa

Young People's Secretary dedicated one of the children to God.

Twenty-three miles from Healesville, the Silvan Dam is under construction, and about three hundred men are employed there. Every fortnight the Officers visit the Dam, hold an Open-air meeting, and distribute "War Cry" among the men who are keenly appreciative of the Officers' efforts on their behalf. Among these men are two Finnish lads who are converted, and who take their stand in the Open-air ring. A little distance from the Dam is Silvan Township, where live a family of Salvationists. Thither the Officers go at the close of the meeting at the Dam, and share the hospitality of The Army household. The three children of the family pray and testify during family prayers that follow the meal. Visitation is then engaged in till night-time, when a meeting is held.

sons, that he had tried to commit suicide on the railway. Happily the train was stopped in time. According to the latest news, this Convert is making good spiritual progress.

AFTER months of faithful pioneering labor in Vienna, an Officer now writes: "Some months ago my Lieutenant and I were appointed to open the first

AUSTRIA Corps in this great city. Our meetings have been well attended, and naturally many of

visitors come from sheer curiosity. The Open-air meetings in the fine squares of this beautiful city are attended by large crowds, which, on the whole, are exceedingly attentive. The police are very kind and willing to render any service required.

"Some of our first Soldiers have interesting stories to relate. Two young women in our Guitar Band are Jewesses who met with great opposition at home when they first confessed Christ. They were told they must leave if they persisted in their new faith, but their ardent prayers have been answered and all objections overcome, even to the wearing of full uniform.

"Another comrade, a business woman who had lost all her possessions owing to the deception of her partner, had twice attempted suicide, when she suddenly remembered having been offered a "War Cry" a year before by a Salvationist who had spoken to her about Salvation. She thought The Army must be in Vienna also, so she set out to look for it. At last she found The Army, obtained deliverance from sin and despair.

ONE OF our Officers in Brazil, who was paying his usual visit with copies of "O Brado De Guerra" ("The War Cry") on Saturday night to the public-houses, was invited by three men to sit at their table. He accepted their invitation,

and they told him quite frankly what they wished to speak seriously with him. After sundry explanations about The Salvation Army, the Officer spoke to the men about their sinful lives and of the necessity of getting saved, and all three were deeply impressed and promised to attend the meetings. Our comrades are praying for them.

At another Corps, during the visit

THE CAPTAIN of the Salvation Army Lifeboat "Catherine Booth" has told many a thrilling story of his exciting fights with the billows. Sometimes when a full

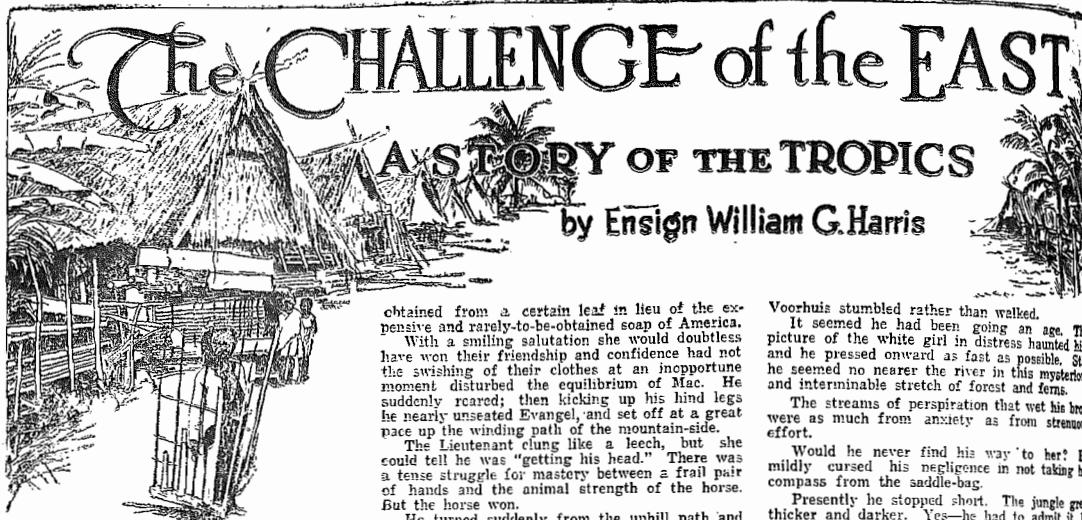
NORWAY gale has been blowing and every hour brought its risk, he and his

comrades have had to pull the shipwrecked fishermen out of the very jaws of death in the dark night when there was no other light than the sea sparks in the bilge-water of that gallant little rescue boat. At other times they have had to fight death when the thermometer was far below zero, when the deck was covered with ice, the riggings were transformed to icicles, and the sleeve-edge of the rescue-men's jackets were covered with ice which cut the hands of the noble men.

Sometimes the brave rescue men helped a Norwegian sailor or fisherman, sometimes it was a crew of another nation.

During one of the lifeboat's cruises, the Captain observed the derelict of a fishing-boat on which a poor fisherman was clinging to the keel. With great difficulty the "Catherine Booth" manoeuvred close to the derelict, and ultimately the exhausted fisherman was pulled on board in a most pitiful condition. He was taken down into the cabin, where he was attended to in the best possible way by the Salvationists, and gradually he regained his strength after his dangerous fight with the billows. With happy anticipations he looked forward to meeting his wife and little children who were in a hamlet in the neighboring village. What would have become of him if our comrades had not risked their lives to save him?

But they were not satisfied with having saved him merely from a grave in the cold billows. What about his soul? Was he prepared to meet God? The Captain and his men pleaded with him, and while the "Catherine Booth" was cruising towards the safe harbor, there went up a prayer, for Salvation from that little cabin to the throne of God; and the prayer was answered.



NEW READERS START HERE

The story opens in a village of Central Java with the feared headman, Ramadikrama, calling the village "Imam" (priest) to his aid for the healing of his favorite wife, Seelghill.

"The dogs are too long," are sounding to keep the evil spirits away when there is a cry in the evening air of "Ghosts! Ghosts! White Ghosts!" The whole populace runs in terror for shelter as the white figures advance.

The story opens other than the Salvation Army missionaries, Captain Jean Sander and Lieutenant Evangel Sellar, an American girl, who have come to lend their aid to the sick woman. For some reason the latter although helped, shows a distinct dislike to Evangel Sellar.

The story follows the Officers' bamboo Quartermaster at Djedid, some village activities, and the promotion of Scout to the status of a grown dog as he is enjoined to look after Evangel while the Captain is sent off to a distant village where she expects to stay the night.

The East challenges Evangel very strongly during a restless night when she is unable to see these dark forms passing in through the window. Scout comes to the rescue, barking at the dogs, some human-like experts in the night, and the dogs scatter.

The two ladies become over the progress of their work. But these are paintings against them in the village by the priest and headman. These are mainly instigated by the village belle, Soekarno, who has an unreasonable hatred of Evangel Sellar because of her beauty.

A plan is conceived in the dark minds of the headman and priest, and these two, Kusuman and Ross respectively, are on the way to the home of Sander and Lance, the native helpers of the missionaries, to put it into action.

Lieutenant Evangel Sellar, who is alone while her Captain is detained in another village, preparing for the journey on horseback to help the natives, is faced with the fact that "which has been murkily. There comes a cither in the mind of the Lieutenant between duty and desire, but after some moments of prayer, she accepts the challenge of the East, mounts on her horse, and gallops off for her work."

At the same time the native Duncan Voorhuis, sets out to the native of the headman, Kusuman, to collect the annual tax.

NEW READERS START HERE

CHAPTER V

FROM one village to another Lieutenant Evangel Sellar, the young American missionary, journeyed, encouraging, exhorting and teaching wherever she could find a group of listeners.

In the crude chanties of the rice fields she unfolded her roll of Bible pictures, and by the eye-gate, as well as the ear-gate, stirred yearnings and hope in the dark hearts of people fettered by superstition.

She tied her horse to the portals of a crudely ornamented wooden gateway of a village, and talked and sometimes sang to the people as they performed their work. The village had its own craft, so sometimes Evangel repaid with the women who were potters, dolls, loom-weaving native vessels from the red clay of the district. At other times her medicine chest introduced her to a company splitting bamboo which they platted into native mats to sell at the weekly market.

How glad the young missionary Officer felt that she had not stayed at home. She was very tired and her hands had become blistered by the tropical sun while holding the horse's reins, but a holy joy pulsated through her entire being. She was doing the will of God. To-day's challenge of the East had been accepted by her.

She came across a party of women washing clothes at the rushing river. They slashed the wet clothes against the smooth river boulders instead of rubbing them, and used a green sooth-

obtained from a certain leaf in lieu of the expensive and rarely-to-be-obtained soap of America.

With a smiling salutation she would doubtless have won their friendship and confidence had not the swishing of their clothes at an inopportune moment disturbed the equilibrium of Mac. He suddenly reared; then kicking up his hind legs he nearly unseated Evangel, and set off at a great pace up the winding path of the mountain-side.

The Lieutenant clung like a leech, but she could tell he was "getting his head." There was a tense struggle for mastery between a frail pair of hands and the animal strength of the horse. But the horse won.

He turned suddenly from the uphill path and raced along a clearing above and parallel to the river. Hoping for the best, Evangel Sellar clung on desperately.

The plateau-like part of the clearing ended suddenly and merged sharply into the rocky slope which led to the foaming torrents below. A great fear gripped the girl as she looked ahead and saw. What should she do? To roll off the madly charging horse would mean certain death on the rocks of the hillside.

She breathed a prayer for help, committed herself to the Lord and was faintly encouraged by the "wouf! wouf!" of the faithful Scout barking in the valley.

To the end of the path they sped, and nearing it Evangel could but set her teeth and shut her eyes and hope.

She remembered but a great increase of speed, a falling-away sort of feeling when she found herself being hurtled through space, and then for an eternity—falling, falling, falling—would she never find earth again? Then there was a sickening splash, a violent twinge of pain in the right leg and the young missionary found herself in the rapid river frantically clinging to an upjutting rock.

Scout was soon swimming to her rescue.

But a mist began to gather before the girl's eyes. The pain in her leg increased and burned like a red-hot iron. Resolutely she held on to the slippery rock, but it was hard work against the swift-flowing waters.

She looked around for Scout. He was nowhere to be seen. The burning pain increased beyond endurance. Everything was a blur. Evangel, with an effort, cried "Help!" several times. But her hands were slipping, the feeble strength was ebbing, and then—

She let go and all was black.

Round about this time Duncan Voorhuis and his party came on to the high ground some two miles away on the opposite bank of the river.

"See, sir, see, what is it?" A native of the party asked the white man, and all looked in the direction in which he pointed.

Voorhuis whipped out his field glasses and trained them on the flying speck of white in the distance.

"A white woman and a runaway horse," he explained in surprise. "Whoever can it be in this God-forsaken place?"

"Oh!" and his jaw dropped in dismay, "the beast has thrown her. She'll drown for sure unless we can give a hand quickly." So at a stretch gallop the party urged their horses along the high land overlooking the river.

Duncan Voorhuis picked out the form of Evangel Sellar clinging to the rock in the river; then tying his steed to a tree at the fringe of the jungle belt of the hillside, which stretched down to the water's edge, he set off at a run to the rescue.

He found the jungle dense. Thick creepers swung from tree to tree, turning the tropical day into a vague twilight.

There was a thickness of undergrowth, too, under foot, covering a score of holes and pitfalls.

Voorhuis stumbled rather than walked.

It seemed he had been going an age. The picture of the white girl in distress haunted him and he pressed onward as fast as possible. Still he seemed no nearer the river in this mysterious and interminable stretch of forest and ferns.

The streams of perspiration that wet his brow were as much from anxiety as from strenuous effort.

Would he never find his way to her? He mildly cursed his negligence in not taking his compass from the saddle-bag.

Presently he stopped short. The jungle grew thicker and darker. Yes—he had to admit it, he was lost.

"Fool," he called himself tersely.

"Wouf! wouf!" A few minutes later Scout pushed his way through the undergrowth and agitatedly appealed to the white man as only dogs can. Voorhuis naturally followed the dog.

"Have a care," Duncan shouted, as a few minutes later the party of natives laid the suffering form of Evangel Sellar on a hastily improvised cane and bamboo stretcher—although there was no need for the adjuration.

The fact that he was wet through from his rescue hardly seemed to dawn on the young assistant contraleur as he hurried arrangements for Evangel's comfort. As he afterwards admitted to himself, he was strangely anxious about this unknown girl.

"Where does the white lady live?" he asked.

Someone ventured the information—"Djedag."

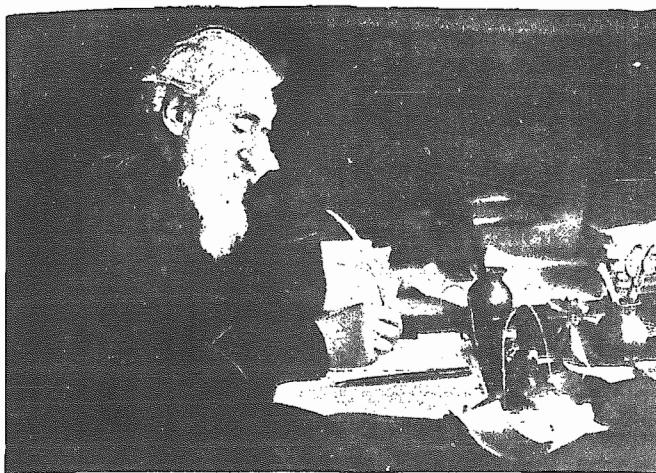


She held on to the slippery rock. It was hard wet against the swift-flowing waters

Tjandri was nearer than Djedag and more accessible for the doctor of the district, he decided.

So to the home of Mijnheer and Mervou Ramaker, The Army Lieutenant was taken.

(To be continued)



IT IS a charge brought against us by some that we make a hobby of the subject of Holiness, that, like Paganini with his violin, we are always fiddling on one string. If they brought the charge against him, I suppose he could have replied, or somebody could have replied for him, that he was able to bring more music out of his one string than his rivals could bring out of their four; and if it is true that we are frequently engaged on this one topic, I think that there are many people who can bear witness that there has been brought out of it some music wonderfully beautiful, wonderfully enthralling, music which has been made a blessing to them, and to many who are round about them. But I take exception to the correctness of the charge. I say, varying the figure, we are running our Hallelujah Express to Heaven, not on one line, but on three.

The first line of these rails we call Pardon, and I am sure we very often talk of that.

The second we term Purity—a clean heart, with a clean life; and

The third we term Sacrifice, or the giving up of all that we possess to the service of our Lord and Sovereign.

That is, first, saved from hell, and having the consciousness of it, with our feet consciously on the rock of Salvation.

Secondly, saved from inward, as well as outward sin; and

Thirdly, having been saved from the penalty and power and inheing of sin, being enabled by grace to devote all we possess to the great work of being saviours to those who are round about us.

Jesus Christ has come to deliver us from sin. No one would want to localise this purpose, or contract it, by saying He intended to save a man from getting drunk, from telling lies, or swearing or thiefing—that is, to take the outworks, while the very citadel, the heart, is left infected with pride, selfishness, envy, hatred, revenge, bad temper, and everything that is bad.

He knew the tremendous hold which gambling had upon the Chinese, and made this historic decision after consideration of his experiences at the "Number Two" Colony—another Army Lepper establishment in Sumatra where money was rendered useless by the isolation of the Colony and a check system was in vogue.

Abolition of money! Revolution in Lilliput! The Colonel seethed. The Chinese Mayor was in Median was cynical. The Major went on announcing that after a certain date no money would be of any value in the Colony and would not be accepted at the Colony shop, nor would the workers be paid in money.

His efforts to explain the system of book credits and debits which would supersede money can only be likened to an attempt to persuade a child that penny stamps are as good

rotten, devilish, and unlike God. Surely, to deliver man, God must not only break the neck of the open and outward foes who have domineered over him, but He must destroy those inward enemies, and save us from the hands of all that is devilish in our own secret passions, tempers and dispositions.

You never need sin any more. Here's the Conqueror. He is coming this way. He can toss His enemies. He can toss them out of your heart. But some people's notions of this tossing very much resembles the predicament in which many unfortunate farmers are found in wet seasons with their crops. They cannot get the blessed sunshine long enough to gather them in, and so they are always tossing them about, and when they get them pretty well dried there comes another shower, and then they have to toss them again.

Now this is just the notion many have, or seem to have, of the Saviour's work. They think He just comes and tosses their sins from one corner into another, turns them over every now and then, and lets them have an airing at Holiness Councils. Special Campaigns, and the like, but leaves them much the same as He found them.

I tell you this is all a mistake. This Unicorn, if you will let Him, will do something more effectual than that. He has strength enough to toss the pride, the temper, and selfishness not only from one corner into another, but out of your hearts entirely. He will conquer, and He will not only conquer, but He will annex your heart, and make it His own territory over which He will rule absolutely.

Does anyone say, "How is it this has not been done in me?" I will give you one verse which will explain this to you. Referring to Mary, the blessed Mother of our Lord, the Holy Ghost says, "And blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her of the Lord."

Oh, have there not been some wonderful things told you? You have heard that you can

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PROMISE

Comes not to Those who Hear, Feel, Agonise, or Consecrate, but to Those who will Believe

By The Founder

have victory over sin, that you can have peace flowing like a river—you have been told that your joy may be full, indescribable, unspeakable, and full of glory. You have heard that you can be turned into a saviour of men, that your days can be like the days of heaven on earth, and I know not what other wonderful things you may have heard. But there is something more than hearing necessary to complete your blessedness, it is the performance you want.

I remember hearing of a man who was always going about hearing lectures. "Oh," he said one day to a friend in the street. "I have been to hear the most wonderful lecture on the training of children; it was so clever. Where have you been?" The other replied, "I have been at home doing it."

It is the doing that is lacking. You have heard, and heard, and heard again until you have almost got weary of the theme. Now it has been a new book, then a new preacher—now a new friend, and then you have been off to new meetings, conferences, or councils or the like, but have got no further forward. Oh may God let there be a performance!

But how can the performance be? Here it is. "Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her"—to the woman that believed, for there is nothing promised to anyone else and, thank God, this is for the men as well as for the women, and to everyone of us, whether man or woman, if we will but believe, there shall be a performance of the things which have been told us from the Lord.

"He that believeth shall be saved." It is not to him that hears, to him that desires, to him that agonises, to him that concentrates. But it is promised and assured and given to him that believes.

Will you accept this Divine message that this full and holy Salvation is for you, bought for you, promised to you, given to you; that it is yours—yours now, just now; that it is according to His Word, save you now? Then there shall be a performance of all the things that have been told you from the Lord—no one iota or tittle shall fall to the ground. All shall come to pass. You shall receive the Christ, the living sanctifying, victorious Christ. And with Him the great Conqueror you shall be victorious over all your enemies, you shall be holy, you shall be blessed among men and blessed for evermore.

A TOWN WITHOUT MONEY

(Continued from page 3)

as the coins it had previously extracted from aunts and uncles.

On the first morning of the Poeloe si Tjanang Post Money Era, the first to be "paid" looked at his brand new book into which credit for his wages had been entered, put it down, and walked away. The second cried: "I want money!" The Colony seethed again.

The next day a representative of the Malaysans in the Colony asked the Major to explain the new system to them again, and declared that the Chinese headman—who had to be used as a translator—had spread a very different tale! So it seemed, when the Major found a hundred and fifty of the Chinese, laden with baskeets, plates, dishes, etc., surging to-

ward the main gate of the Colony, off to put their case before some one who would help them. The lame and the blind were there.

"Where are you going?" asked the Major.

"We don't know!" they cried. Were ever human beings in more pitiful plight than these leprosy exiles fighting against the hand of Love?

When they reached the Government Road and were met by many police, the poor settlers turned back home. Next day the rising bell rang out as usual over the Colony, but no one responded. The people had decided upon a general strike, and had resolved to stay in bed indefinitely. This not only meant a grave breach

of the discipline necessary in such a place, but a cessation of the medical treatment essential to the comfort of the diseased Colonists.

"No one will receive food till he or she has attended the dispensary," was the order, and one by one the people crept to the place of bandages and antiseptics, thence to the kitchen.

On the following day the Major visited his recalcitrant charges with the new account books in his arms. "This afternoon you can shop," he said. "Bring the books I will give you and see for yourself whether the writing in them is not as good as money."

The Officers were serving in the shop from 1 p.m. until 7 p.m. that day, and the faces of the Colonists were a study in puzzled satisfaction.

(More about "The Town Without Money" next week)



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International Headquarters, London, England.

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All Editorial Communications should be addressed to the Editor.

GENERAL ORDER

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RALLY DAY

Staff and Field Officers are requested to observe that Rally Day, held in connection with the Young People's Work, is to be observed on Sunday, September 30th.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,
Territorial Commander.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTIONS:

TO BE ENSIGN—

Captain Ruby Harding, London IV.
Captain Albert Ellis, Lippincott.
Captain Cornelius Warrander, Toronto 1.

MARRIAGE—

Lieutenant Gladys Bexton, out of Stratford, 2.7.26, last stationed at Stratford, to Captain James Wilder, out of Stratford, 2.7.26, stationed at Mount Forest; at Stratford, on September 6th, by Colonel Adby.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,
Territorial Commander.

EDITORIAL

MARATHONS

A GREAT deal of excitement has been caused of late by the swimming marathons held at the Canadian National Exhibition. Much comment has been called forth in the Press by the failure of any one of the contestants in the main event to complete the course owing to coldness of the water. All seem united in the opinion that it was a cruel test of physical endurance.

Of course, the great incentive for athletes to thus test their endurance to the limit is the big prize offered to the winner.

Without further discussing the merit or otherwise of such events we would point out here that the idea of prize winning is one which was seized upon by the Apostle Paul, who must have heard much of Olympiads in his day, to drive home an important spiritual lesson.

Writing to the Corinthians, who being Greeks were strong on athletic contests at that period, he said: "Know ye not that they which run in a race run not all for the prize? So run that ye may obtain. . . . Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

We thus see that followers of Christ may be likened to competitors in a marathon. But there is this difference. "This race is not to the swift." No one who works faithfully and diligently can possibly fail of a reward. Nor is it laid up to be given some time in a better and brighter world. Here and now in the midst of life's busy toils, the Master

(Continued at foot of column 1)

THE WAR CRY

"Midst the heather hills of his 'ain country' "

FINAL ARMY HONORS PAID TO AN INDOMITABLE WARRIOR

An Eye-Witness Sends a Moving Account of the Funeral Service of

COMMISSIONER WILLIAM EADIE

WE tip-toed into the darkened, blind-drawn room, where the oaken casket lay that contained the last remains of that world-travelled Salvation Army stalwart, Commissioner William Eadie. We gazed intently upon the placid, peaceful features that had been so well known in many parts of the world.

He lay like a warrior taking his rest, after the rush and the stress of the well-fought battle, wrapped in the yellow, red and blue that he loved so well. The indomitable warrior had passed on to join the greater Army in Heaven.

Commissioner Mapp, in a choked voice, speaking in this darkened room where the flag-covered coffin lay, said of his passing, "He seemed to be in his usual health, and he was talking after dinner to some friends, and was apparently in the best of spirits. He had just finished telling about the many changes that had come so suddenly and so unexpectedly into his life, and had then leaned back in his chair listening to something that his nephew was saying. When no answer was returned to a question propounded, the nephew looked closer and found that life was extinct. There was no struggle, no hint that death was so near, but a simple breathing of the last breath, a folding of the hands, and this 'bonnie feather' of a thousand battles, he of the rugged soldier-like exterior, and a heart of gold, laid down the sword and donned up the crown."

Mrs. Boot's kindly, sympathetic message touched all hearts, and brought much comfort to Mrs. Eadie, who sat brave, yet frail and broken, throughout the service. The Chief of the Staff's tribute to the life, work and worth of his veteran friend and Training Home chum, was moving indeed.

Outside the little cottage home, where the Commissioner had hoped to spend many quiet, but useful days,

the procession was marshalled by the side of bonnie Rothesay Bay. The mists hung low over the distant hills of Cowal and Argyll, and the rain that had threatened all morning came down in a short, sharp shower as the procession composed of Bandsmen from Greenock I and II Corps, and Port Glasgow, with Officers from nearby Corps, accompanied by many of their Soldiers, moved along the busy promenade amongst the holiday-makers, and swung round into the High Street, which was ascended to the tap of muffled drum and the weird, wailing notes of the "Dead March in Saul."



COMMISSIONER EADIE LAID TO REST
Commissioner Mapp is seen leading the service, with Colonel Langdon, Sub-Territorial Commander for Scotland, on his right

It was strange that, one or two days before the Commissioner's sudden end, he should, while visiting the Cemetery, express a wish to be buried there if he should die in or near Rothesay.

Commissioner Mapp paid tribute in full by the graveside to one whom he had looked upon as a close personal friend for the last thirty years, his voice reaching the edge of the vast crowd that had gathered amongst the

(Continued in column 4)

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

MOTOR CAMPAIGN IN THE LONDON DIVISION

Thursday, September 20th—STRATFORD.
Friday, September 21st—L'ISTOWEL (12.15 p.m.), PALMERSTON (3.00 p.m.), HARRISTON (4.30 p.m.), HANOVER (6.00 p.m.).
Saturday, September 22nd—CHESLEY (11.45 a.m.), WIARTON (8.00 p.m.).

Sunday, September 23rd—OWEN SOUND.
Monday, September 24th—SOUTHAMPTON (11.45 a.m.), PORT ELGIN (2.30 p.m.), KINCARDINE (4.15 p.m.), WINGHAM (6.00 p.m.).

Lt.-Commissioner Howe, Colonel Taylor, and Brigadier Burton will accompany.

CAMPAIGN IN NORTH BAY DIVISION

SAULT STE. MARIE II—Saturday, September 29th.
SAULT STE. MARIE I—Sunday, September 30 (Both Corps unite).
NEW LISKEARD—Tuesday, October 2nd (Cobalt and Haileybury to unite).

KIRKLAND LAKE—Wednesday, October 3rd.
TIMMINS—Thursday, October 4th.

Colonel Adby and Major Cameron will accompany.

MRS. LT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL

Addresses Gathering at Canadian National Exhibition on Work Done by Women Officers of the Salvation Army

THE SPLENDID Social Service work done by the women Officers of The Salvation Army was described by Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell at a large gathering in the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition on Friday afternoon last, held under the auspices of the National Council of Women.

Dr. Margaret Patterson, Magistrate of the Toronto Women's Court, presided and when introducing Mrs. Maxwell paid a very fine tribute to the work of The Salvation Army in connection with the Police Court. She also stated that many times she had felt that her task would be an impossible one without the splendid help of The Army.

Mrs. Maxwell included in her address some particulars regarding The Army's Fresh Air Camp at Jackson's Point, where 400 children were given an outing this year.

The Army has been greatly helped in this work by the "Daily Star" Fresh Air Fund and Mrs. Maxwell expressed her warm thanks for this assistance in its report of Mrs. Maxwell's address the "Star" said: "She painted a striking picture of the homes from which children came to whom these Summer holidays were given at Jackson's Point. One home she told of had seven children in it and not even a bed. The Salvation Army took four of them to camp and provided mattresses for the home. Everything at the camp is free to the children and each case is investigated by a social worker."

(Continued from column 3)
granite tombstones. Colonel Langdon's earnest words carried conviction to many, and especially to the group of listeners near the writer, when he declared that he believed the words of Jesus Christ when he said that Heaven was the eternal reward for those who loved Him, and of Hell who declared "I know in whom I believe . . . and He is faithful."

Slowly and solemnly the Commissioner conducted the memorial service of the mortal remains of one of God's heroes, who had truly laid down his life for the cause. We left him there where the winds of Heaven blow, in fresh and clear from the broad Atlantic, there, midst the heather hills of his "ain country"—J. McGibbon.

(Continued from column 1)
requires His services. No worker has to wait till the end of all things, till the day of final reckoning, for compensation. Here and now he receives, day by day, the due reward of his efforts.

The mere satisfaction of duty done is something, and the consciousness of the approving smile of the Lord is to many heroic souls quite sufficient.

Can anyone do good and not be better for it? The utterance of a sympathetic word, the performance of a kindly deed, the diffusion of a healing influence, results upon the soul and blesses it. The rewards of service are sure, and are graven deeply on the soul.

The gifts of a larger love through loving; nobler motives through forbearance; with the like of serving; the spirit of self-sacrifice by obedience to the more exacting demands.

They who have given much to the Lord need never inquire, say: "What shall we have therefore?" for no man living has spent himself for the cause of God and humanity, but he has already received in this life abundant recompence.

The marathon may bring to us various lessons, therefore and we would do well to ponder them and care again resolve to abide by the Apostle's injunction. "So run that ye may obtain."

HAMILTON I's NEW CITADEL

THE COMMISSIONER Conducts Impressive Opening Ceremony and Energetic Week-end Fight

"A Place where Miracles will be Performed"

THE HAMILTON I CORPS now has a new Citadel. The prayers of past years have been answered. The vision of former leaders has been rewarded. The labors of veterans and juniors have been compensated. Gone is the old building. No lament was chanted, it's days of utility were over, and for many months Officers and Soldiers have chafed under the need of increased facilities with which to cope with the ever-expanding work.

But though the old Hall is no more, the spirit of fervency and fire and fighting still survives. It is the heritage passed from the old to the new. Already that heritage has been grasped for on Sunday, September 9th—the very first Sabbath day spent in the new building—eleven seekers found the Saviour. Yes, the old Hall is gone—but the old Fire remains.

Our Territorial Commander, who was accompanied by Mrs. Maxwell, led the day's services. They were supported by number of Officers, including Colonel and Mrs. Hargrave, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Moore and Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. McAmmond. The latter has been laid aside for some time, but we praise God that she was able to be present on this occasion. Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth, the Corps Officers, also supported our Leader at all meetings.

The Initial Opening

When the expectant throng gathered for the initial opening of the Citadel to the public, on Saturday evening, September 8th, they realized that they were about to witness an event which would be marked as epochal in The Army's history in Hamilton. "I count it an honor to open this building for the glory of God and the Salvation of men and women, boys and girls," said the Commissioner as he threw wide the doors.

There was a fascinating brightness and a spirit of sanguine hopefulness about the service which followed. Of course these are Army qualities, and we feel sure that the cheery brightness of the new auditorium will tend to foster them. This very noticeable feature of the building was the subject of special comment by Controller Peebles, a warm friend of The Army, representing the Mayor, who was absent from the city at the time. "I am especially interested in the work of The Army," the Controller stated. "For the last couple of years I have had associations with the Department of Relief, and I find that The Army is of great value to the city, from the monetary, as well as the spiritual and moral standpoint."

"Holy Ground"

"This is holy ground," he continued, "Miracles will be performed here and the lives of men and women will be changed." The same thought had been appropriately expressed by Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell at the conclusion of the Scripture reading. "God has opened this Temple as a place where miracles will be performed." Already have their words proved true.

Mr. J. B. Bell, who so readily came to The Army's aid in the supervision of the Drive, also expressed his pleasure at being present. He asserted that he found it comparatively easy to convince the people of the splendid work which The Army is doing in Hamilton.

Appreciation for the good men who so faithfully stand by The Army in all of its endeavors was expressed

by Lt.-Colonel McAmmond, the Commander for the Hamilton Division. He mentioned that Hamilton I owed a great deal to the splendid foresight of the two previous Divisional Commanders, Colonel Hargrave and Lt.-Colonel Moore, who, discerning the need, planned energetically for its eventual realization. And to the Commissioner, whose whole-hearted support has been behind the scheme since its inception, he conveyed the sincere thanks of the Officers and Soldiers and the Corps' well-wishers at large.

After commanding those who had so nobly "put their shoulders to the wheel," the Commissioner proceeded to briefly elucidate the great motive which lay behind the erection of the new building. "This structure is not to be utilized merely for purposes of song and musical festivals, he admonished, "nor even for soul-saving work. It is for the purpose of worship. Give some deference and respect to the building. The soul-saving will be all right if the worship is all right."

And then the Commissioner told us of the "Old Gang." They designated themselves thus because, somehow or other, it symbolized the spirit which bound them together in the days gone by at the old No. 1 Corps. Though separated by thousands of miles the same spirit still creates a unifying sympathy. The "Old Gang" wanted their memory to live in the new Hall! So they clubbed together and procured a number of verdant ferns, which to-day beautify the building and are a lasting memorial to the now scattered comrades. Among the claimants to the appellation are many names familiar to all Canadian Salvationists—names such as Ensign and Mrs. Evenenden, of China, Mrs. Captain Long (nee Captain Hawkes), of India, and Ensign and Mrs. Wohlburn, of China. And there were others, nearer home perhaps, equally well known.

* * *

The first Sunday in the new Citadel was an auspicious occasion for

Hamilton Salvationists. In the initial meeting the truths about Holiness were fully delineated by our Leaders. Mrs. Colonel Hargrave prayed earnestly for an outpouring of God's blessing, and the four souls who sought Full Salvation, at the conclusion of Mrs. Maxwell's address, formed the answer to her supplication. Adjutant Jones and Captain Maxwell, former Corps Officers, were present. The Adjutant stated that the Home League had furnished the first \$100.00 toward the building, and, in fact, every department of the Corps did its part in a most admirable manner.

Capacious Young People's Hall

Our new status as men and women of God was emphasized by Mrs. Maxwell. "How beautiful that out of Hamilton went warriors who could go to the utmost parts of the earth and stand as men and women of God . . . Out of small places can come mighty men. From an ordinary home in Nottingham came a man of God, whose name is heard in every land and whose picture hangs in every city of the world." The picture of this man of God, our beloved Founder, was the first to adorn the walls of the new auditorium. The Founder has gone on before. This year we celebrate the Centenary of his birth. May his spirit descend upon the Hamilton I Corps in all its invigorating fulness.

Prior to the Musical "Free and Easy" in the afternoon, the Commissioner, together with Colonel Hargrave, visited the Young People in their Company Meeting.

The Young People's Hall, seating four hundred and fifty, was athrob with the natural excitement of the "little people" who were so anxious to hear their Leader. The Commissioner's intensely interesting talk was followed by a few remarks from the Colonel.

It was quite fitting that Staff-Captain Riches should open the afternoon service with prayer. He is the genial Young People's man of the

Division, and his side of affairs was effectively represented in the lively items by the Young People's Singing Company and Band. The Senior combinations also participated in the program. They rendered splendid service during the week-end.

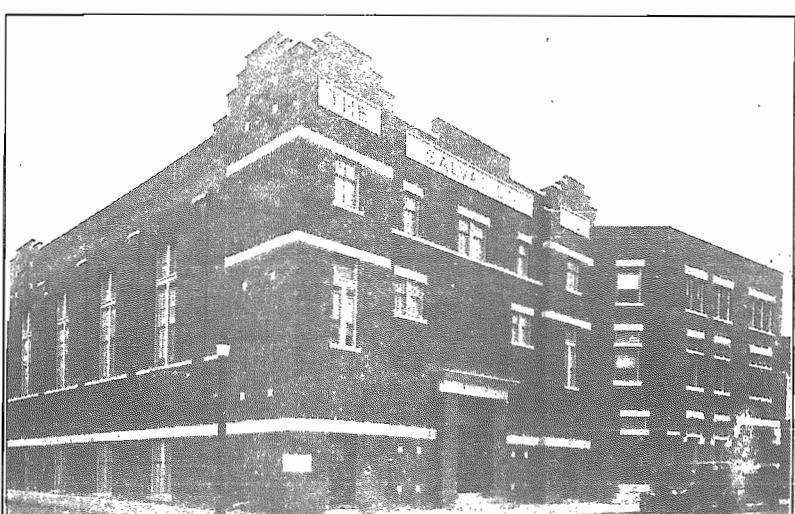
Despite the numerous engagements which occupied the Commissioner's attention during the week-end he found time, with the Divisional Commander and Captain Maxwell, to visit the General Hospital. There he spoke and prayed with Roland Oates, a Young People's Band-lad, and also with Bandmaster Collins, of No. III Corps.

In the Salvation meeting Captain Maxwell expressed his pleasure at once again associating with the Hamilton comrades, and Lt.-Colonel Moore, who was in a reminiscent mood, told us that he first became acquainted with the Corps years ago when he was appointed as Officer-in-charge. Messages from Colonel and Mrs. Chandler, former Divisional Officers, and Major and Mrs. Kendall, erstwhile Corps Officers, were read.

The Commissioner, in his characteristic chatty manner, and with the apt application of many, at first sight, matter-of-fact incidents gleaned by observation, presented to the sinner a Saviour who was, and is, the Master of all extremities. "But he is more than the Master of circumstances," the Commissioner assured his hearers. "He is the possessor of a heart of compassion."

God's Benediction

A most effective appeal was the song-invitation, sung by the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell. Hearts were stirred to their depths, and a deep spirit of conviction settled upon the meeting. Before long the first solo had come to the Jesus of Whom they had sung. The penitent-form—set apart in this new building so distinctively as a sacred place—became the door through which seven sick souls found the Master of Extremities. There, the Sergeant-Major enlivened over the fact that a life-long friend, from the same home town, had come to the Cross. There, Colonel Hargrave prayed with a young man who was a backslider. The Colonel knew him years ago, when he was the drummer in an Army Corps. No wonder the faces of the comrades shone. Was not God already placing His benediction upon their new Hall? Well could they cry, in the words of Major Kendall's message. "Ten thousand Hallelujahs."



Hamilton I's splendid new Citadel, which comprises spacious Senior and Young People's Halls. The Divisional Headquarters adjoins the Citadel on the extreme right.

A SURVEY OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND EVENTS

A GREAT PEACE SPEECH

IN HIS speech before the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, Premier King warmly endorsed the anti-war pact recently signed in Paris, and held up the relations of Canada and the United States as a concrete example of a policy of renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy.

This is what he said regarding Canada and the United States:

"Our country is a land of reconciliation in achieving racial concord we have for more than a century, successfully exemplified the fulfillment of at least one fundamental principle of the League. In achieving international peace with our great neighbor we have fulfilled for more than a century another fundamental principle. If we are united to old France by past association and the old ties this has given rise to, equally are we linked by long association and kindred ties with that great country our neighbor to the south, with which we divide so large a portion of the continent. For a distance of more than 3,000 miles, stretching from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific frontier, Canada is divided from the United States by a boundary undivided from coast to coast. This undefended frontier is a symbol as remarkable as the shaft erected at Quebec to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is a joint possession, not made with the hands, but rather a creation and expression of the minds and hearts of the peoples of the respective countries. Of that undefended frontier I would like to say a word. It is intimately related to the subject matter of the treaty recently signed in Paris. It symbolizes the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy."

He went on to point out that the two countries, ceasing to rely on force, have looked to reason as a method of solving differences, and gave that as one of the chief causes for their prosperity. With the elimination of the fear of aggression the two peoples can devote their full energies to the activities of peace and public moneys are utilized for purposes of productive industry.

The speech is said to have thrilled the Assembly and we trust it will do much towards convincing the nations of the foolishness and futility of war.

SCOTCHING THE RUM RUNNERS

A COURT action was recently brought by a brewing company against a man who allegedly violated an agreement to transport liquor across the Detroit River.

In dismissing the action Mr. Justice Raney pointed out that its success would have meant the recognition by the court of the rum-running business as a legitimate Canadian industry—which is impossible, however many companies incorporated under Dominion and Ontario law may be engaged in the business, and however many millions of capital may be invested in it.

"It is for the people of the United States to determine their own laws and it is for the law-abiding people of other countries, including Canada, and therefore for the courts of Canada, not to lend aid or comfort to disloyal persons within their borders in their violation," said His Lordship.

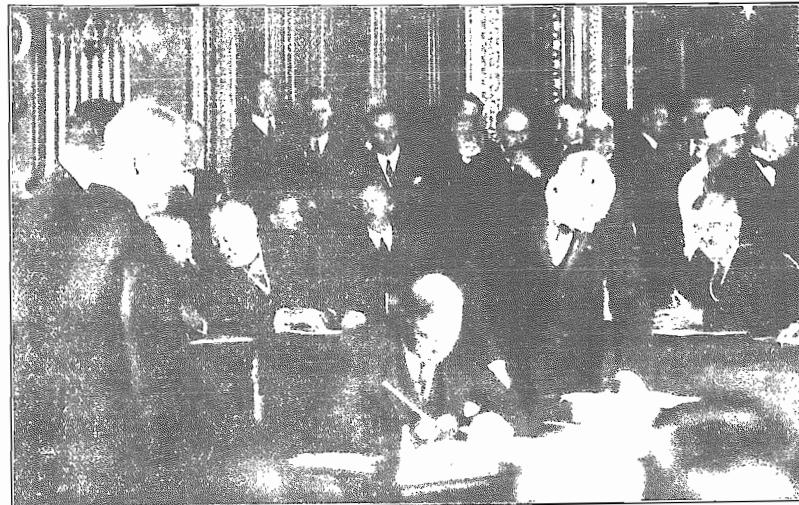
We congratulate Mr. Raney on his judgment and for his outspoken words. Canada should not in any way aid or abet the gangs of liquor smugglers who are infesting our frontiers and reaping huge profits by pandering to depraved human appetites.

ANOTHER AVIATION RECORD

FURTHER progress in air travel was made recently when two American aviators flew a monoplane from Los Angeles to New York City in less than nineteen hours. The previous non-stop trans-continental record was thus clipped by eight hours.

This feat is hailed as establishing the feasibility of a commercial air express service that will span the continent within twenty-four hours.

Beyond doubt every flight of this sort helps to bring the world nearer to the era of air travel. A review of



PEACEMAKER'S DAY IN PARIS, FRANCE
On August 27th, in the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the compact for the League of Nations was signed by the representatives of fifteen nations. In the above photo we see Premier MacKenzie King, of Canada, signing the pact.

the progress made in flying since the dawn of the present century reveals that mankind is adopting flight far more readily than it adopted the railroad. Long trips by airplane are bound to become more frequent as public confidence grows in the safety and certainty of this mode of travel. Already the percentage of fatalities by aircraft is making a favorable showing as compared with other means of locomotion, and no doubt before long aviation will be utilized to its utmost by a world that is becoming increasingly air-minded.

"SEPARATORS" WANTED

AT ONE of his meetings in the Massey Hall, Toronto, Mr. Paul Rader made the following statement:

"What we need in the Jellicup age is a few strong men and women who will walk apart and talk with God."

God is not looking for separators. He is looking for separators. Eliab was a strong man. He was a "brightbird" who went up to the heights and talked with God, and then went down into the lopes of Israel and talked to the people, and they listened to him."

Stressing the need of a "revival in Canada," he expressed his opinion that "Canada is the hope of the continent"—Canada and that "Dixieland" border of the United States, with its old-fashioned customs and its Sabbath-observing people. He scored "Hollywood influences," and said that part of the States from New York to San Francisco was being consecrated to ungodliness and worldliness.

FIVE MILLION NEW SETTLERS

IT is stated by Sir John And, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, that there are twenty million more people in Europe to-day than in 1917. Consequently the labor market is congested and a serious problem is arising in many countries. Sir John states that the logical solution to this European difficulty is "more settlers for Canada."

He says, "If the opinion of the Canadian people as a whole were sought it is certain that there would be an overwhelming majority in favor

of securing at least 5,000,000 new Canadian citizens as quickly as possible."

He points out that with only partial development of a vast range of natural wealth, about 50 per cent. of our total population is so profitably engaged in some form of production and service that the whole is supported in a manner unexcelled elsewhere and equalled by but few countries.

FOSTERING INTER-

NATIONAL WELFARE

THE WORK of the League of Nations is popularly supposed to be the prevention of war. This idea, however, in-lines the general public to overlook its activities in social service.

Much is being done in this direction, however, especially in Asiatic countries. One of the big tasks of the League is to foster international cooperation in many branches of human endeavor, always with the aim of securing increased welfare and prosperity for the world over. Of such a nature is much of the work of the technical organizations of the League—the economic, health, transit and social organizations, and of the International Labor Office.

In the "Asiatic Review," Dr. Norman White tells of the work of the League's Health Organization, which helps to keep research workers in different countries in touch with one another. To this end a series of study tours have been organized giving opportunity for health officials to ascertain what is being done in other countries.

GOD'S LOVING CARE

THERE was an unexpected halt in the traffic one day recently in the Chicago Loop District. The cause was so unusual that a newspaper reporter made a story of it as follows:

"There, in the middle of the noon-time whirl of traffic, in the roar of a thousand noises; in the heart of the great financial district; suddenly and inexplicably there appeared a strong, uninvited, unexpected.

"There was a fledgling brown thrush, just trying its wings and finding them, for the time, inadequate.

"Mounted Policeman Tom Healy

saw it first. He blew mightily upon his whistle, held a halting palm to east, west, south, north.

"A score of motorists pulled emergency brakes and waited, expectantly, as for the shriek of fire engine sirens.

"But it was none so ordinary a matter as a loop fire, they soon learned, for one by one the sidewalk crowds spotted the strutting fledgling, as it paraded slowly across the street.

"There was a rush for the bird."

"In the van of that stampede were newsmen, bankers, brokers, women shoppers, office girls, clerks.

"Leaving traffic halted at the intersection, with unmoving autoists jammed up in the distance and sounding sirens viciously, Mounted Policeman Healy galloped after the visitor from woodland.

"Under feet, under boots, under wheels, the bird led on for nearly a block."

"Then a newsboy caught it, one dive ahead of Bernie Puscheck."

"That poor little bird came from the woods," said the girl, "I want to take it back."

"Give her the bird," ordered the policeman.

"And thus the fledgling found its way back to its woods and its greenery, after causing the Loop as much excitement as a conquering birdman."

Brigadier Parker, who sent us the newspaper clipping, comments on it, "What an example of God's care!"

It is said in His Word that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without Father knowing it. Shall He not much more care for His children?"

CANADA EAST CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN CAPTURES

"Let Us Meet in One of the Villages"

NDW-MAKET (Captain and Mrs. Clarke)—The Centenary Call Campaign has been taken up enthusiastically by the Corps as a whole and we are out to make it the best yet. Special Open-air meetings were held during the month of August in outlying districts and also in surrounding villages. A motor tour was held on a recent Sunday, and the Gospel message and songs were taken to the Summer resorts on the shores of Lake Simcoe, and was well received. The Band has rendered yeoman service in this connection.

"The Lord is With Us"

SUMMERSIDE (Ensign Cudlipp, Lieutenant)—We were privileged to have with us Envoy and Mrs. Cameron, of Glace Bay, and we enjoyed them very much. God is with us and we are believing for a real outpouring of the Spirit during the Campaign.—D.B.

"Faithful in the Lord"

NORTH SYDNEY (Captain and Mrs. Everett)—Sunday, September 2nd, we said farewell to Candidate Elsie Keeling, who has left us to enter the Training Garrison. We have been in touch with the Corps of Young People's Treasurer and Company Guard for four years. In the Sunday evening meeting Young People's Sergeant-Major Bradbury and Envoy's Sergeant-Major were both paid tribute to by the Candidates and their families, after which our comrade was dedicated under the Flay by the Officers, while the Corps Brigade sang "I'll be true to you." We recent Cadet Major and Mrs. Owen and half the Officers of the Halifax Division with us. A rousing meeting was conducted by the Major. Different Officers spoke, and Captain Williams, of Whitney Pier, took the Bible lesson. **TWO souls found Christ at this meeting.**

"Full of Power"

WHITELEY PIER (Captain and Mrs. Williams)—Truly God's Spirit is working in our midst, and we rejoice that souls are being born again. On Saturday, August 24th and 26th, we had a real soul-stirring time, and God's presence was very near us. On Sunday night the meeting was full of power, and we closed with **FOUR** at the Cross. The evening Open-air which we had held have proved a great blessing to the people, many raising their hands to be prayed for.—H.W.

"Helped Them Much"

ST. MARY'S (Ensign Baker, Lieutenant Batenauer)—Our week-end meetings were an impressive and helpful change. Captain and Mrs. Baker and Envoy Stanikoff, of the Temple-Corps, Toronto, were with us, and took active part by their singing and helpful talks. The Envoy gave addresses in both morning and night meetings that were very inspiring, and **TWENTY** seekers knelt at the mercy-seat at night.

"They Minister With Singing"

SCHAFFERTH (Captain and Mrs. Murphy)—The week-end meetings of September 1st-2nd, were conducted by Lieutenant Cudlipp from the Divisional Headquarters. The Saturday night Open-air was a centre of attraction, and a good crowd listened attentively to the singing, testimonies and music of the Lieutenant. We made great use of the violin. On Sunday the meetings were enjoyed by all, the Holy Spirit was working and several hearts were deeply convicted.

"I Shall be Safe"

FEVERSLAEM (Lieutenant Simpson)—On Wednesday, August 29th, we had Captain and Mrs. Tidman from Collingwood, conducting a meeting for us, and we had a real good time together, the Captain giving a profitable address. On the following Sunday Lieutenant Simpson and his wife made use of the colors. After the newly-ensigned Soldiers testified, an old Soldier, who had been on the way for many years, witnessed in having accepted the Saviour many years ago, and the following Christ was the best and safest way.—Corporal Cadet Wright.

"Let Them Rejoice Before God"

WITCHWOOD (Ensign and Mrs. Murgatroyd)—Sunday, September 2nd, proved to be a glorious day, a good spirit prevailed throughout the meetings. Captain and Mrs. Baily, from New York, U.S.A., were in charge. On Sunday night we regaled together over **SEVEN** seekers at the mercy-seat.

"He Had Only One Daughter"

BRANTFORD (Field-Major and Mrs. Square-briggs)—The "Candidates" farewell week-end was a time of rich blessing and victory. The Band Corps is still in the hands of Candidate, Rev. Hilda Leach, Glouc. Square-briggs, only daughter of Field-Major and Mrs. Square-briggs, and Edwin Carter, they will be missed, but we are hoping others will come and fill their places in the different instruments of the Corps.

A very impressive Consecration service was held, and a well-fought Prayer-meeting with **NINE** souls.

"Go . . . into the Highways"

RICHMOND HILL (Lieutenant Whitelock)—We have been in touch with Richmond Hill in connection with the Centenary Call Campaign. Sunday last we started the day with a real Holiness meeting in the early presence of God with **FOUR** in the following Open-air. We then went over six miles on foot, conducting four Open-air for the day. Many requests have been received from the scattered districts for open-air meetings, and on Sunday afternoon played at the annual Decoration Services in the Cemetery, which was much appreciated by the officials. **ONE** soul surrendered in the Sunday night meeting. This was followed by Open-air on the highway.—P. Robinson.

CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN



"Thou Shalt Call, and the Lord Shall Answer"

CARLETON PLACE (Captain Collins, Lieutenant Watson)—In an Open-air recently one of the comrades testified that "Prayer changes things." Afterward a comrade stepped up to him and asked if he could repeat what he said. In the ensuing conversation the comrade learned that his wife had died and through her death he had been awakened to a new life. The comrade said "Comforter." Seeing Lieutenant on the street ahead of him some time after he attracted her attention and asked if he might come to the Army to learn the ways of salvation. Late in the week-end he had Major and Mrs. Best with us. Saturday night, after our usual Open-air here, we went to Almonte, where we had two rousing Open-air, which were well received. The meetings in the Holiness meeting the Major brought before us the need of holy living. At night, in a very convincing manner, the Major made his hearers understand that the Kingdom of God was at hand. Mrs. Best's sons were enjoyed by all.

After a red-hot Prayer-meeting **ONE** man sought Salvation, while another comrade came forward to make a full consecration.—G. Reynolds.

"They Escaped All Safe"

MIDLANT (Captain and Mrs. Dickson)—The Midland Corps are progressing; the attendance has greatly increased, and we are looking forward to big things. On Sunday the meetings were conducted by Brother Oultram, from Galt, and his wife. The meetings were very much enjoyed. On Monday, September 3rd, the Band and a number of comrades journeyed to Wasaga Beach. The road was very rough but all arrived safe and sound. We were well favored with a visit from one of our old Bandmasters, Sergeant-Major Harry Gregory, from Newark, U.S.A. He and his wife were a great help to the Band—H. Bates.

"I Have a Goodly Heritage"

WINDSOR III (Adjutant, Herting English, Richardson)—During the fortnight of the Officers the first Sunday's meetings were led on successfully by Captain Richardson and on July 28th Captain Cameron, of Divisional Headquarters, in charge. The meetings were full of blessing. Captain Jolly and Captain McElroy were at the meetings to help out for an invalid, who had had a stroke. In the past year, the first Sunday a bright service was held at the National Salvation where a service was provided for the blind, disabled and fifty patients. The Sanatorium. Then there present themselves at the Commandant's residence after which, although very tired, they played some considerable distance to play at the meetings. In the Tabernacle meeting, in the Tabernacle, **ONE** soul was won for Christ. The Band then gave a program in the Tabernacle, a red-hot impression by the band behind through the visit of the Band. Come again!

"The Day of Salvation"

HAMILTON V (Ensign George, Captain Parsons)—We had with us on Saturday, August 26th, Staff-Captain Baker, Divisional Young People's Secretary. In the day was one of much blessing in the Holiness meetings. All were present were greatly blessed and encouraged to press forward. At night there was a wonderful Salvation meeting, finishing off with **TWO** souls in the mercy-seat. The Staff-Captain and several of the Soldiers remained to conduct the Prayer-meeting, while the Band and some of the soldiers went on to a late Open-air.—W.S.

"I Will Bless Thee"

WESTVILLE (Ensign London, Lieutenant Hamilton)—On Saturday and Sunday, September 1st and 2nd, we had a brilliant week-end, led by Major and Mrs. Tilley, from Galt. The meetings were held in the Hall of Halifax. In the Holiness meetings the Major spoke from the Book of Psalms. In the night meeting the Major spoke on the Word of God, and once more the old, old Story was told. The service was a very profitable one to our soldiers. Y.P.S.—M. Chisholm.

"The Cup of Blessing"

MONCTON (Commandant and Ya Sin)—Our on-time religious service at the Tabernacle, on Saturday, September 1st, in Moncton, Sunday, September 2nd, was a time of blessing and power was experienced. Bandmen, Songsters, Girls' Choir, Male Voice, Party, and the like, all for the blessing of the Lord. The service was not disappointed. Fine crowds all day; Commandant and Mrs. Speller returned home from furlough. We finished with **SIX** souls won for God.—W. Turner.

"Every Man in Our Own Tongue"

TORONTO (Ensign and Mrs. McLean)—On Wednesday night, after the Soldiers' meeting had finished, **THREE** souls had renewed their consecration to God. Saturday night we had a wonderful time at our Open-air meeting. The **TWO** souls sought the wonderful blessing of Holiness. We would sit at night with **THREE** souls seeking Salvation. For a considerable time we have had a number of fine meetings, of whom several are Salvationists. So it was decided the they should have a meeting of their own. Their first meeting was on Thursday night, led by Rev. F. F. Smith, and the service was opened, and the Bible in Finnish and had a wonderful time. The English service was supplied with the service, and we are praying that these meetings may be the means of many of our comrade stepping out for God.—B. McLean.

"The Feast of Dedication"

DOVERCOURT (Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham, Lieutenant McLean)—Very interesting services were conducted by Staff-Captain Ham, was a feature of the morning meeting, on the occasion of his visit to his home town for Sunday, September 2nd, and the best presentation of the generations of Salvation Army family. Sergeant-Major Jacob of Stratroy, great-grandfather; Captain man Gare, senior grandfather; Captain Eny Gare, father; and the infant Army and whom God blessed with a Salvation Army ancestry.

Sunday, September 2nd, was a day of real work and labor. A special service for our Candidate, S. Gilchrist, being the feature on the occasion. The speakers were the different branches of the Army, activity in which our Army was laboring were present. Brother and Sister Stanikoff, the Candidate was solemnly received by the Adjutant, Mr. Jones. The Adjutant and the Candidate were joined in the singing of the Prayer-meeting, during which the seekers knelt at the mercy-seat and the Adjutant pledged anew to consecration during the singing of a selection chosen by W. P. Corps.

SEPTEMBER-- SPECIAL HOLINESS CAMPAIGN

A great effort for the deepening of the Spiritual Life of God's People.

"Bidden to the Wedding"

WINDSOR I (Commandant and Mrs. English)—A very quiet service was conducted in the home of seven, on the evening of August 29th, when Sonster Hazel Baldwin and Bandsman William Dunkley were united under the Army Flag. A number of the Army and outside friends gathered to see our much-loved comrades married.

The bridal party entered the Hall to the strains of the "Wedding March." A short reading by Commandant Barclay, a Bible reading by Commandant Barclay, the Commanding Officer, the ceremony was conducted by the Divisional Commandant, Staff-Captain Speller. Subsequent to the exchange of the rings to man and wife, while the bride and groom knelt, Mrs. Staff-Captain Spooner soloed suitably. This was immediately followed by a prayer offered by the Staff-Captain, Commandant Barclay read the telegrams, which were sent by friends, too distant to attend the wedding, and also spoke a word on behalf of the Corps.

After the ceremony at the Hall, nearly one hundred and fifty guests made their way to the home of the bride, to partake of the wedding supper. We say God Bless Bandsman and Mrs. Dunkley.

"His witness to all Men"

HAMILTON IV (Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)—The meetings at Hamilton IV, the week-end of September 1st-2nd, were of a very helpful character. On Saturday night our usual Open-air meetings were held, a large crowd gathered, and we believe the Kingdom of God was extended thereby. Sunday's meetings were a means of rich blessing, and the meetings were conducted well. We had to see what it means to walk with God. Following two rousing Open-air, Senior and Junior, we held an earnest Service of prayer and **ONE** soul volunteered for Salvation. In this gathering we were privileged to have with us a number of visiting comrades, who testified as to what God had accomplished in their lives.

"Let us Visit our Brethren"

GRAVENHURST (Captain United Lieutenant McLean)—It was our privilege to have with us for the weekend of August 25th and 26th, the Ontario People's Band. On Saturday night meetings were held at the Tabernacle, in the centre of the town, conducted by Adjutant Golden, who was accompanied by Band. Sunday was a full day, and the day was given for an invalid, who had had a stroke. We had a visit to the National Sanatorium where a bright service was held at the day, during which a service was provided for the blind, disabled and fifty patients. The Sanatorium. Then there present themselves at the Commandant's residence after which, although very tired, they played some considerable distance to play at the meetings. In the Tabernacle meeting, in the Tabernacle, **ONE** soul was won for Christ. The Band then gave a program in the Tabernacle, a red-hot impression by the band behind through the visit of the Band. Come again!

Toronto Inter-Divisional Life-Saving Scout and Guard DIVINE SERVICE PARADE
Conducted by
THE CHIEF SECRETARY

HERE is a charm about youth which is irresistible—a charm which captivates hoary-headed, middle-aged and others who are not yet in either category. This magnetic quality was again apparent on the morning of Sunday, September 9th—the lodestone in the case being the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards of Toronto.

Very smart and soldierly they looked, as, mustered in respective Troops on the parade ground of the Armories, they stood at the "alert," awaiting with more or less trepidation the moment when the "eagle-eye" of the Inspecting Officer should be focused on them. The inspection was conducted by the Chief Secretary, who was delighted to observe such a fine expression of the Life-Saving Movement as was evident on this occasion. A goodly percentage present revealed bodies tanned skins and healthy countenances that they had been among the fortunate coterie who spent their holidays in God's glorious outdoors.

The Colonel's "retinue" consisted of Mrs. Henry, Colonel Adby, the Territorial Young People's Secretary, the Divisional Commanders and Young People's Secretaries, and the full staff of the Young People's Department. The Dovercourt Young People's Band (Leader "Jack" Robbins) provided music whilst the inspection was underway. A crowd of no mean proportions viewed the proceedings with interest.

The inspection over, Staff-Captain Wilson, to whom fell the lot of organizing the Parade, called for the Full Salute and then with banners a-awing and stepping smartly to the strains of the four Young People's Bands of Riverdale, Danforth, Dovercourt and Fairbank, they marched to the Temple, awaking the echoes and arousing the almond-eyed denizens of "Chinatown," through which they passed enroute. The Chief Secretary took the salute at the Temple.

The Temple auditorium presented an animated and colorful spectacle, as the Life-Savers, clad in blue and gray, filed into their seats. The service was according to the program, but there was nothing "programmy" about it. Songs were well adapted to the spirit of a meeting of this character and "Solders of Christ, arise" was sung with the characteristic vigor of youth, the Temple Corps Band supplying the accompaniment.

Staff-Captain Ritchie prayed that each might have a "listening ear and an open heart." Colonel Adby soloed, accompanied by his inseparable companion—the concertina.

It was the privilege of Staff-Captain Wilson, on behalf of the assembled Life-Savers to extend greetings to the leader of the gathering. He did so with a hearty warmth. The long and honorable careers of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, said the Staff-Captain, had been characterized by that splendid ideal which animates Life-Saving Scouts and Guards—"To serve to serve."

Many Sparks read a Scripture portion dealing with the courageous example of three Old Testament "Life-Saving Scouts"—the Hebrew youth who came unscathed from the fiery furnace.

"Be strong and of good courage," was the fatherly advice of Colonel Adby, quoting from Joshua's charge to his army. The Colonel revealed that spiritual courage is to be preferred to physical courage, reminding his hearers that the most dangerous adversaries that young people have to withstand in life are those that are invisible.

The Chief Secretary, recognizing that figurative language is the most potent medium of approach, especially to the young, made a New Testament story live again as he addressed his youthful audience. His hearers were

(Continued at foot of column 4)

Through Hearing a Song in an Army Open-Air

LIEUT.-COLONEL DAVID MOORE

Who Has Earned Honorable Retirement, Consecrated His Life to God and The Army

42 YEARS OF WHOLE-SOULLED SERVICE AS A SOUL-WINNER

AS HE GOES into honorable retirement, Lt.-Colonel David Moore can look back after sixty-five years of life, forty-two of which have been devoted to strenuous and whole-souled service to God as a Salvation Army Officer.

It was in the village of North Gower, not far from Ottawa, that he was born. Among his earliest memories are the journeys to and from the village church holding fast to a strong parental hand.

After moving from place to place in his youth, young manhood found him living in Clinton, Ontario, where he was employed as assistant in a store, whence he was sent to Bay-

field spiritual sky, when in the Bayfield hotel where he boarded he heard a young woman sing "Must I go, and empty-handed?" That song was God's message to his soul, and the question of his life-work was settled.

Another incident which occurred about this time also influenced him deeply. A young man of his acquaintance had been pleaded with to surrender to God and had refused, and then very suddenly death had overtaken him. This made young Moore feel more deeply than ever how great was the need of soul-winners. He hesitated no longer, but made application for Officership. There was no such thing as a Training



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Moore and their Officer daughter, Lieutenant Mildred Moore

field as manager of a branch of the same business.

About this time came the occurrence which, little as he realized it then, was to change the whole course of his life—he met The Army, and from the first contact found a warm place in his heart for these devoted Soldiers of the Cross.

Captured by The Army

His capture by The Army was on this wise. He was only nominally religious, had certain church associations, but made no profession of real godliness, but there was one phase of religious exercise which never failed to attract him. He was passionately fond of singing. One evening the streets of Clinton were made to ring by a small party of Army Soldiers singing "Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus" in an Open-air meeting. Young Mr. Moore stopped and listened, and The Army had him.

He went to meetings for a short time and then decided to cast in his lot with The Army for life. Once the decision was made, he became an out-and-out Soldier and gave his very best in service to the little Corps which had become his spiritual home. Bayfield was ten miles away, but this young enthusiast did not find it hard to close his store at ten o'clock on Saturday night and then tramp to Clinton so as to be there for the Sunday meetings.

This continued for two years, when God again used the ministry of song as the deciding factor in another crisis of his life. The question of devoting all his time and strength to the winning of souls had become a live issue in his spiritual experience, largely through an address he heard on "they that turn many to righteousness (shall shine) as the stars forever." He was debating the matter in his mind, anxious to do the whole will of God, but fearful lest he should make a mistake which would darken

Garrison in those days, so in a very short time we find Cadet David Moore a Blood-and-Fire Assistant at Goderich, and seven months later a Captain in charge at Teeswater, beginning a career of usefulness and devotion which has continued without a break for forty-two years, ending now in honorable and well-earned retirement.

Teeswater was followed by the command of several Corps, including Listowel, Bothwell and Ridgeway. Then Territorial Headquarters created the new rank of Ensign, and Captain Moore was one of the first to receive it, being appointed at the same time to Woodstock, Ontario, as Divisional Young People's Secretary, followed by a similar position at Ottawa. After this he took the very unusual step of surrendering his Ensign's rank in order to get back to Corps-work, and was sent to Lindsay. When the District system was inaugurated he was made a Divisional Officer, and for some years rendered valuable service in that capacity.

Difficult But Necessary Task

Later, he was chosen to organize the Subscribers' Department at Montreal, and for many years he devoted his very best efforts to the difficult but necessary task of raising funds for The Army's Work. This threw him into contact with many of the leading people of the country, and he was able to make many warm friends for The Army, while the money he secured made possible the construction of a number of the finest buildings in the Territory.

Following a term on Property affairs he went as Divisional Commander to Saint John, New Brunswick, and when the Toronto Division was divided he was sent to organize the Toronto East Division, and shortly afterwards assumed the Divisional command at Hamilton.

He had only been there a few

months when he was called to Territorial Headquarters and informed that the General had chosen him to become Sub-Territorial Commander for Newfoundland.

He will carry into retirement memories of his last appointment which will be an unfailing source of inspiration to him; memories of Spirit-striken men and women lining the portentous form again and again, while converts and veterans besieged the Throne of Grace on their behalf; memories of journeys by motor boat and dog sleigh to Outposts, where faithful comrades must be encouraged and careless sinners warned; memories of miraculous conversions and answers to prayer, of Gethesmane consecrations and Pentecostal outpourings.

We quote the Colonel's own words in closing his remarks about Newfoundland. "I would like to say through 'The War Cry' how deeply I appreciated the cooperation and help of all associated with me in the work there. Especially would I thank Major and Mrs. Walton, in every possible way their loyalty and support were beyond praise, and I shall never cease to remember and be grateful to them."

This sketch would be singularly incomplete without reference to Mrs. Moore, who for the past twenty-eight years has been the Colonel's unflinching support in every effort he has put forth for the Kingdom. Saved in Barrie under the ministry of Captain Jack Addie, she became a Soldier and an Officer in spite of the opposition of her friends and loved ones. After giving several years of very effective service single-handed, she agreed to a proposal to become Mrs. Moore, and since then has right worthily upheld the noble tradition of Army wives and mothers.

TERRITORIAL PARS

It has come to our notice that the Chief Secretary, while furloughing, lent his services to the Hamilton Divisional Branch-Corps, where he conducted a Sunday's meetings. The Colonel also visited two companies of the Branch-Corps, which are made up of men twenty years of age, and who are mainly liable to attend meetings. "Darby and Joan" were delighted at this impromptu visit.

The largest number of Candidates contributed by any Division during the Centenary Training Session, is from the Hamilton Division, whose number nineteen.

Colonel Adby conducted an evening meeting and public farewell of the Hamilton Division Candidates, at Hamilton, Wednesday, September 12th.

A clipping from the Peterborough Examiner in which Solonians of Peterborough Falls take their religion. "Whilst a street dance was in full swing," says the "Examiner," "one witness on the unusual spectacle of the band of Army workers holding a service immediately across the intersection from the dance." It is worthy of note, too, that it wasn't the band that was playing, as we happen to know, is a "live" affair, and rarely fails to attract a crowd.

Ensign Holt has been appointed to Halifax Hospital, and Captain Howle to Hamilton Rescue Home.

Field-Major Urquhart is conducting a camp at Peterborough, from September 22nd, to October 1st inclusive.

(Continued from column 1)

likened to voyagers on the sea of life, where, as in the natural sense, there are bright days and stormy, rough seas and smooth. Then there was the analogy of the anchors, representing Faith, Good Conscience, Patience and Hope. Instruction, inspiration and emulation were all harmoniously interwoven in the Colonel's faithful narrative.

Concluding this memorable gathering was the Pledge and Covenant, repeated in unison by the Life-Savers, led by Adjutant Ellery, and the closing prayer and Benediction by Mrs. Colonel Henry.



FOR MOTHER AND MAID

MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

BY A FATHER, CROWN WISE

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

PROTECT YOUR FINGER WHEN CROCHETING

When crocheting with a fine needle one often pierces one's finger. Two coats of liquid court plaster protects the finger and does not interfere with the work in any way as adhesive plaster does.

CUP HOOKS FOR BRUSH HANDLES

Instead of round-eyed screws put small cup hooks in the ends of the handles of your brushes and dish mops, with which to hang them up when not in use. This makes it easier to put the brushes away. When the brush is hung on the hook it is possible to take one down without removing all the others.

IN THE KITCHEN

FOR LEFT-OVER VEGETABLES

Small quantities of leftover vegetables and potatoes can be converted into an appetizing and nourishing luncheon dish in the following manner: Poach in milk as many eggs as there are persons to be served at each. Remove the eggs to a separate dish. Then thicken the milk in the saucepan and make a white sauce of it and pour into this sauce whatever vegetables you may have, and pour all over the poached eggs. Add a few cubes of cheese, and cover the dish and potatoes in this way. With either vegetable you have a perfectly balanced meal in one dish—starch, protein and the green vegetable.

TO DECORATE ICE CREAM

A decoration that is good for slices of brittle ice cream. On each slice place a small flat mint chocolate in centre and use the halves of blanched almonds for petals. It is very pretty on light-colored cream.

TO SAVE SPACE IN YOUR PANTRY
Buy the standard wire basket at an office supply store. Line it with clean wrapping paper, and in it keep potatoes, onions, and carrots or other vegetables.

HOW TO punish children for their various misdemeanours ought to be a serious problem in every home. Many parents do not give the matter the attention it deserves, simply punishing all children the same way for everything, without considering each particular offence as a separate and individual problem.

We have four children, three boys and one girl. My wife was a school teacher before I married her, a quiet, resourceful woman, where I am quick and inclined to take sudden action. We have always got on splendidly. Our first disagreement came with our first child, and it was a question of punishment for his disobedience.

The boy, then only a little more than two years old, had been told to put away his toys. On this particular evening, he stubbornly refused to do so. After all my entreaties and threats had failed, and my anger was thoroughly aroused, I started toward the boy with the intention of spanking him into submission. My wife, divining my intention, intervened. "No," she said. "I don't want that method to be used on our children."

Well, I had been brought up under the 'spare the rod and spoil the child' regime, and I didn't believe in these new-fangled ideas of bringing up children. The system that was good enough for my father to use on me was good enough for me to use on my children—and so forth and so on. My wife listened patiently. Then she asked if she might try her system first.

She told Bobby to put the toys

away, and was met with the same refusal. So she gathered up the toys herself and stored them away on a high shelf in the closet. The surprised Bobby looked on with a victorious gleam in his eye. Soon after he went to bed. Bright and early next morning he wanted his toys, but couldn't reach them himself. He asked to have them taken down for him.

My wife explained to him, calmly and reasonably, that little boys who weren't willing to put their toys away

IF I FALL

If I fall
I hinder all;
If I rise
To the skies,

I shall help to drag the load
One step farther on the road.
On the common road we climb;
Dead and living, for all time.

—Janet Begbie.

when they had finished with them could not take them out to play with. For three days Bobby looked up at these toys on the shelf, and remembered why he couldn't have them down. He never refused to put them away after that.

"Always fit the punishment to the crime, and never argue or fight with a timid, angry child. Wait until calm has been restored, and both you and

the child can see the light of reason. This was the constant advice of my wife.

It was a firm rule in our household that the children should come to their play at five o'clock. Their duties to perform before the evening meal—errands at the store, the table to set, and wood to be brought, always invariably loitered, coming in but a half hour to an hour late.

"Johnny, you are late again" said my wife one day. "Now, listen to me. We have work as well as play. Who ever one person shirks his work, someone else has to do more than his share to make up for the shirk. That isn't fair. Bobby has had to do your errands and when you played. We come home to-morrow you will have to do Bobby's share of the work to even up the score." Test and him.

The boys always took turns washing the dishes after dinner. When it came to Jack's turn, he was all apprehensive, for he broke many. We allowed a generous gift for accident, and then we spoke to him about it.

"Son," she said to him, "you're not to break your toys in the same way as you do your mother's dishes. You're simply careless, and you must learn to be careful with other people's property. After this, you will have a rupture out of your own allowance if dishes you break. Jack's carelessness increased in exact proportion to the number of dishes he had to replace. It wasn't long before he had learned to take time and exercise in handling not only dishes but cutlery as well.

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

WOMEN SOLDIERS, ATTENTION!

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Circulation Chart

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(Adjutant and Mrs. Bosher)	285
True (Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)	275
Halifax II (Commandant Wells)	225
New Glasgow (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	200
Yarmouth (Captain and Mrs. Mills)	185
Dartmouth (Captain and Mrs. Vosey)	185

Hamilton Division

HAMILTON IV	575
(Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)	250
Hamilton I (Captain and Mrs. Ellsworth)	250
Hamilton III (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer. Adjutant Mercer)	215
Brentford (Field-Major and Mrs. Scarborough)	200
Orillia (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	200
Hamilton II (Adjutant and Mrs. Hart)	250
St. Catharines (Field-Major and Mrs. Wiseman)	250
Galt (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)	225
Port Colborne (Captain and Mrs. F. Dixey)	200
Kitchener (Adjutant and Mrs. Bexton)	200
Brigden (Lieutenants Ford and Smale)	200
Niagara Falls (Adjutant and Mrs. Ellimmins)	180
Guelph (Commandant and Mrs. White)	170

London Division

ST. THOMAS	325
(Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	270
Sarnia (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)	270
London I (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)	260
Woodstock, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Kison)	210
Stratford (Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)	200
Over Sound (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)	180

Montreal Division

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Belleisle (Ensign and Mrs. Rawlings)	180
Cornwall (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	165

North Bay Division

THIIMINS	400
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Sault Ste. Marie I (Ensign Water, Captain Hume)	200
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Cochrane (Captain Yule, Lieutenant W. Harrington)	150

Ottawa Division

OTTAWA I	500
(Ensign and Mrs. Phile)	210
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Ottawa II (Ensign Fare, Captain Miles)	150

Saint John Division

MONTON I	525
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Fredericton (Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	225
St. Stephen (Commandant and Mrs. Cummings)	225
Charlottetown (Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	225
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Campbellton (Captain Danby, Lieutenant Curry)	150
Woodstock, N.B. (Ensign Clague, Captain F. Ritchie)	150
Bain John III (Commandant and Mrs. Wooleott)	150

Sydney Division

SYDNEY	260
(Ensign Bliscott, Captain Adcock)	235
Gloucester (Design and Mrs. Howlett)	235
Whitney Pier (Captain and Mrs. Williams)	160

(Continued at top of column 4)

THOSE RETIRING HERALDS

MORE PUBLICITY NEEDED—A SEPTUAGENARIAN HERALD—SOME ENCOURAGING INCREASES—PROMISING SIGNS

STANGE, how retiring some people are. "War Cry" heralds for instance. I should hear little or nothing of their doings were it not for the Corps Officer who drops me a line about them, or were it not for some chance happening that draws the curtain back and affords me a brief view of their activities. They seem to be the sort of folk who do good

It will be a mighty inspiration to other comrades who are heralds to hear of you, and also be the means of urging others to become

Heralds.

You know how it is. One great achievement inspires another. A man reaches 5,000 feet in an aeroplane. At once, another air expert tries to better his record.

A runner runs 12 miles in an hour;

By Stealth.

I wonder, do some of them creep out of their houses at night under cover of the darkness to sell their "Crys," so that no one shall see their good works and betray them.

Anyway, I seem to hear much too little about their doughty doings. What about a few more heralds' photos this way, and some records of their achievements for the

Encouragement and Stimulation

of others?

Now here's a case in point. It was only by the merest chance that I learned of a comrade 78 years of age—not 7 or 8, or 7 and 8; but 78, mark—who sells his batch of "War Crys" regularly every week.

And not half-a-dozen, mark you; nor yet one dozen. Neither two dozen, or three dozen.

Higher Still.

This lively septuagenarian—have I got that right?—sells 60 of our Salvation messengers weekly.

Name? Certainly. Let me shout it from the house tops; ya, let me take an aeroplane and fly to the uttermost parts of the Territory and thunder it forth:

Sergeant-Major Hussey, of Preston, is the noble comrade.

Are there others like this modest comrade, of whom we never hear? Doubtless there are.

I want to hear from some of you.

Spread the news through every nation:

"For all men there's Liberation."

immediately another comrade of the swift feet seeks to better the record. A swimmer floats on the water for 12 hours; at once another human cork tries to float for a week.

So it is in everything. I am hoping that by publishing this news about our

Septuagenarian Boomer

selling 60 copies weekly, another septuagenarian may be stirred to sell 70.

Or, better still, some whose septuagenarian days are far ahead will be inspired to emulate the example of such intrepid and steadfast comrades as our veteran.

What's this? A note has just been

BURWASH

Major Thompson, who visited Burwash on Sunday, September 2nd, gives the following impressions of his visit: "On visiting this famous camp one gets a different idea of the place than by reading about it. The activities are very interesting. The fourteen miles of road with the splendid farm lands on either side, which go to make up its 30,000 acres, are really an eye-opener to the newcomer. To accommodate and look after the three hundred to four hundred inmates is a task of no mean order. Huge buildings are used as dormitories, with dining rooms and kitchen all very conveniently connected. The new portion, built in front of the main building and serving as offices, waiting rooms, etc., makes a very delightful addition to the place. Then across the road is the administration building, laundry, and supply store. A little further up the street is the power plant which gives heat to the surrounding buildings. On the left is the Superintendent's cottage and close by Sergeant Turner and Lambert, and makes a pleasing and beautiful village.

THE INNATES are wonderful listeners and appeared to enjoy the services held on Sunday. At No. 5 Camp, Sergeant Kavanagh shows a great interest in our meetings. After the

(Continued on page 16)

OUR ROLL OF HONOR

The Increasers

Sherbrooke (Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	35
Saint John I (Commandant and Mrs. Hartgrove)	25
Kirkland Lake (Captain Haines, Lieutenant Dowens)	15

75

placed on my table by one of the denizens. Read it with me:

"Saint John I in 25 copies W.C."

Which, being interpreted, means that Saint John I Corps, which is under the command of Commandant Hartgrove, has this week increased its "War Cry" order by 25 copies.

Good News That—

—the sort of medicine the doctor ordered. This rise, remember, comes on top of a similar rise three or four weeks ago. Well done, Commandant and heralds of No. I. Stick to it and you'll make the Halifax and Montreal giants

Quake in Their Shoes.

Note, will you also, Sherbrooke's splendid increase, and Kirkland Lake's. Congratulations to you all. You are making the Editor and us all very chirpy. I assure you.

Enough! I have spoken too much! Let me bid you all to keep a good look out to

C. M. Rising.

(Continued from column 1)

Toronto East Division

RIVERDALE	600
(Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	365
Yorkville (Commandant and Mrs. Davis, Lieutenant Ward)	275
Danforth (Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	275
Osawa (Field-Major and Mrs. Osbourne, Lieutenant Knapp)	260
Peterboro (Ensign and Mrs. Green)	250
East Toronto (Commandant and Mrs. Rayner, Lieutenant Captain P. Murray)	200
Parliament Hill (Ensign Captain P. Murray, Lieutenant Captain F. Murray)	170
North Toronto (Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Bryant)	170
Burlington Park (Captain Hobart, Lieutenant Matthews)	160
Cobourg (Adjutant and Mrs. Pollock)	150

Toronto West Division

LIPPINCOTT	300
(Captain and Mrs. Ellis)	280
Dovercourt (Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham, Lieutenant Brookes)	240
West Toronto (Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)	240
Lisgar Street (Ensign Kettle, Lieutenant Barrett, Lieutenant Wilder)	160
Toronto I (Captain and Mrs. Warrander)	170
Brock Avenue (Captain and Mrs. Green)	155
Swansea (Captain Currie, Lieutenant Beeton)	150
T. H. Q. (Captain Temple)	160
Toronto Temple (Adjutant and Mrs. McBain)	160

Windsor Division

WINDSOR I	360
(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	275
Windsor II (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant Nesbitt)	225
Windsor III (Ensign Hickling and Richardson)	160
Leamington (Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	150
Wallaceburg (Ensign Scott, Captain Hunt)	150

Newfoundland Sub-Territory

Sub-T.H.Q. and St. John's I (Commandant and Mrs. Moore)	200
(Commandant and Mrs. Woodland)	150

Grand Falls (Commandant and Mrs. Marsh)



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

Offer a small sum, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address: Colonel Morison, Men's Social Secretary, 29 Albert Street, Toronto 2. Marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

RAVEN, Harry—Away from home ten years. Broke-hearted mother has not heard from him for eight years. Please write home at once. 17065

BRITTON, John—Age 37 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair and fair complexion. A native of Ireland; bookkeeper by occupation. In 1920 he left Ireland for Canada to do the harvesting. His last known address is 1926, 19th Street, Ontario. Please communicate.

DONEY, Harry Frazer—Age 25 years; height 5 ft. 11 in.; weight 135 lbs. Born in St. John, N.B. Last heard of in St. Catharines, Ontario; also in Buffalo, N.Y. Please communicate.

TURNER, William—Any one knowing his present whereabouts, please communicate. He is 35 years of age; height 5 ft. 11 in.; brown hair; blue eyes; rather large ears; broad shoulders; long arms. Singing-teacher, married. Home to work in a small town, Penticton, Ontario. Please communicate. Brother anxious to locate. 17115

POLK, Robert John—Age 60 years; height 6 ft. 1 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; rather large ears; broad shoulders; long arms. Singing-teacher, married. Home to work in a small town, Penticton, Ontario. Please communicate. Brother anxious to locate. 17201

WEIR, Joseph—Left Carthage, America on 10th of July, 1923, to visit his sister, Mrs. Charles J. Lawrence, General Delivery, Port Arthur, Ontario. Last heard of on October 20th, 1923. Please communicate. Sister, in Ireland, anxious to hear from him. 17205

QUARRE, Edmund—Age 54 years; born in Eppenhausen, near Hagen, Germany. Has been missing since Sept. 1, 1922, in Kitchener, Ontario. Any news will be greatly appreciated by his sister in Germany. 17210

MORTENSEN, Marinus—Born in Vordingborg, Denmark, 1888. Has been working as a cook in Hotel, Canadian Beach, Ontario, and later with another hotel in Toronto. His whereabouts is urgently sought. 17215

NELSON, Robert—Wheaton, 17 years; unengaged; married by wife. Age 40 years; height 5 ft. 6 in.; weight 131 lbs; brown hair; hazel eyes; fair complexion. Native of England. Piece cut out of ear, also out of his nose. Left his home in England on July 26th. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please communicate. 17218

MURRAY, E. B.—Any one knowing present whereabouts of the relatives of the man, please communicate, as it is very important. It is thought that they may be in Montreal. 17217

LEGGETT, James Laird—Height 5 ft.; weight 160 lbs; brown hair; brown complexion. Upper part of nose flattened. If this should meet the eye, please communicate. Mother very anxious to hear from him, as everything will be helpful. 17219

LEGGETT, Peter Laird—Age 15 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; auburn hair; fair complexion. Has a scar on his head with a cut. May be recognized by the name of "Peter". Please communicate. Mother anxious to hear from him, as everything is alright. 17220

GOODS, David—30 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark brown hair; brown eyes; thin legs. He may be staying at Salvation Army Institutions, when possible. Mother very anxious to hear from him. 17220

THE TERRITORIAL CONGRESS

COMMISSIONER HUGH E. WHATMORE

(The Commissioner is Territorial Commander for Southern Australia)

and

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER WM. MAXWELL

Supported by

MRS. COMMISSIONER WHATMORE, MRS. LT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL, THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. HENRY, and the Territorial Staff

MONTRÉAL, Oct. 6th to 8th

In the No. I Citadel

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6th

7.45 p.m. - - - United Soldiers' Meeting

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7th

Three Meetings—10.45 am—3 p.m.—7 p.m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8th

Great United Open-Air Procession of a Spectacular Character, followed by a United Meeting

TORONTO, OCT. 12th to 16th

IN THE ARENA

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12th at 8 p.m.

ATTRACTIVE DEMONSTRATION, SHOWING PHASES OF SALVATION ARMY WORK IN CANADA

IN THE MASSEY HALL

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th

7.45 p.m. - - - Soldiers' Assembly

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14th

10.45 a.m. - - - Holiness Meeting

3.00 p.m. - - - Lecture by

COMMISSIONER WHATMORE
"MY MISSIONARY TRAVELS"

7.00 p.m. - - - Salvation Meeting

MON. and TUES., OCTOBER 15th—16th Officers' Councils

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL ADBY: Woodstock, Ont.
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23.

COLONEL HARGRAVE: London, Ont.
Sat.-Sun., Sept. 23-24.

COLONEL TAYLOR: Ottawa, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30; Montreal IV, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 6-7 (Opening).

*Mrs. Taylor will accompany.

LT.-COLONEL DESBRUYER: Brandon, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

LT.-COLONEL MCMAMON: Parkdale, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 23-24; Port Colborne, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

BRIGADIER MACDONALD: Montreal VII, Fri., Sept. 21; Montreal V, Sat., Sept. 23; Montreal I, Sat., Sept. 25.

MAJOR AND MRS. BRISTOW: Niagara Falls, Sun.-Mon., Sept. 22-23.

MAJOR CAMERON: Chapleau, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Bracebridge, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

MAJOR OWEN: New Aberdeen, Tues., Sept. 20; Sydney, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 21-22; New Waterford, Thurs., Sept. 23; Florence, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 24-25.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Woodbine, Tues., Sept. 20; Cobourg, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Lindsay, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 24-25.

MAJOR BEST: Smith's Falls, Fri., Sept. 21; Ottawa II, Sun., Sept. 23; Ottawa III, Constance Place, Fri., Sept. 23; Ottawa II, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

MAJOR THOMPSON: Newmarket, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN PITCHER: Montreal I, Sat.-Sun.-Mon., Sept. 29-30 and Oct. 1.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHES: Simcoe Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Brudenell, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: Whitchurch, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23; Lindsay, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 29-30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WILSON: Georgetown, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WRIGHT: Stratford, Thurs., Sept. 20; Listowel, Palmerston, Harrison, Hanover, Fri., Sept. 21; Chesley, Wlarston, Sat., Sept. 22; Owen Sound, Sun., Sept. 23; Southampton, Port Elgin, Kincardine, Wingham, Mon., Sept. 24.

FIELD-MAJOR URQUHART, Peterborough, Sept. 22 to Oct. 1.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its benevolent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away. FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto The General Secretary of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$_____, to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in the said Territory." (my property, known as No. _____ in the City or Town of _____, to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR,

"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other General Secretary of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$_____, to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in the said Territory." (the said William Bramwell Booth, or other General Secretary, shall be sufficient and valid sum.)

If the Testator desires the fund of the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, to be used in following clause: "For use in (Rescue Work) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to:

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL,
20 Albert Street,
Toronto 2.